

JUNE 27, 1955

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

DUKE SNIDER

**THE SLUGGERS
IN FULL COLOR**

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR

WINCHESTER

brings you the world's first
and only lever action
hunting rifle with

TARGET RIFLE ACCURACY

Now!
A lever action
tough enough
to take the
most powerful
loads!

\$123.95*

88

MODEL

EXCLUSIVE **WINCHESTER** FEATURES

WEIGHS LESS THAN 7 POUNDS

Here, tough, lightweight alloys and the cluster action made possible by the 308 WINCHESTER cartridge make the 88 one of the lightest and strongest hunting rifles ever made. The all-new 88 gives you the snatching whop of a modern high intensity cartridge in a rifle so light you're never aware of its frame coming in. Weighing in at 6½ pounds, the 88 points fast, delivers a knockout punch right where you want it.



FRONT LOCKING BOLT



No other action—bolt, lever, slide or bolt—gives you greater safety than the five locking lugs on the head of the 88 bolt. These exclusive lugs rotate and lock into the receiver right next to the cartridge—right where you need their strength.

ACCURACY THAT EQUALS THE FINEST BOLT ACTION



The carefully bored and rifled Model 88 WINCHESTER Proof-Test barrel—combined with the tight breeching of a rotating bolt—gives accuracy for surpassing anything previously possible from a lever action.

FIRST LEVER ACTION RIFLE BUILT WITH A ONE PIECE STOCK



Superb accuracy in a rifle demands the unshaking, unshaking stiffness of a one piece stock. The 88 is the first lever action rifle in history to offer such a stock. Stiff in your 88 and target about shifts in the center of target. Shoot in any weather, any place—now! Hit right where you laid.

FAST ACTION—FINGER NEVER LEAVES TRIGGER

No other big game lever action rifle has a lever stroke as short as the 88. Traveling through no more than 30 feet, the 88 lever is designed so that the trigger moves right with it. Your finger never leaves the trigger guard and shot after shot gets away smoothly, swiftly.



308 WINCHESTER—UNIVERSAL CARTRIDGE

The WINCHESTER 308 cartridge, developed for sporting use—was designed especially for the Model 88. It has been field proven on all species of North American big game since 1953 with outstanding results. With 2 bullet weights—118, 150, and 180 grain, this cartridge makes the Model 88 a universal big game rifle.



*Price subject to change without notice.

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MY SIN...a most provocative perfume!



ARPEGE

MY SIN

LANVIN

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

IN EIGHT PAGES of color next week **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** sets sail with the brigantine *Yankee* on the most recent of her six round-the-world cruises.

A brigantine recalls a bygone era when wind and sail were the key to intercontinental trade. According to Commander Irving Johnson (USNR), its owner and skipper, the *Yankee* is one of the few remaining ships of this colorful



rig still sailing the seven seas. Its square-rigged foremast and the big, comfortable lines of its hull are in marked contrast to the sleek modern thoroughbreds of ocean racing like those which appeared in full color in our May 16 and June 13 issues.

Leaving Gloucester in November 1953, the *Yankee* followed a leisurely, off-the-beaten-track course through the West Indies, Panama Canal, Galapagos Islands and the South Seas to Bali and Zanzibar, and home via St. Helena, Ascension Island, Barbados and Bermuda, until after 18 months she sailed again into Gloucester, where a crowd of 15,000 welcomed her.

The *Yankee* carried as crew 18 young men and women. Green as seaweed at the start of the voyage, they were seasoned sailors all at the end, full of the almost-vanished experience of sailing a square-rigger and of the sights and adventures which attend the unhurried visits in 115 ports of call.

As if sailing a brigantine around the world were not sport enough, the trip included excursions into such uncommon activities as a "Nantucket sleigh ride" behind a whale that the crew harpooned, the capture and beaching of an 18-foot manta ray, and an unorthodox version of aquaplaning on a boatswain's chair dragged in the bow wave of the brigantine under full sail.

And to these experiences, reported in full color, SI adds many more as seen through the excitedly observant eyes of one of the crew—Miss Lydia Edes of Plymouth, Mass. Excerpts from her diary of the cruise accompany the eight-page color spread. As you read, you'll sail around the world with the crew of the *Yankee* in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**.

Harry Phillips

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

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47 Yesterday: The day a \$2,000 White Sox rookie pitched the major leagues' last perfect game



COVER: DUKE SNIDER

Photograph by Hy Perkin

This determined young man not only is the pride of Brooklyn but may be one of the great power hitters of all time. As of Monday, June 26, Snider was leading the major leagues in RBIs and home runs. Some of his rivals include the mighty Ted Kluwe of Cincinnati, old reliable Stan Musial of St. Louis and Willie Mays (himself). These three appear in Color, starting on p. 14, and on p. 17 is a word portrait of the Duke.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

CHAMPIONSHIP TRACK AT BOULDER

The spectacle of the AAU meet in photographs with accompanying text by Paul O'Neill

THE BRAVEST DOG OF THEM ALL

On the cover in color Champion Rippax Farnsworth; inside, all about the bulldog breed

TWO FOURTH OF JULY SPECIALS

The cruise of the brigantine "Yankee" in color and Sports of America's Founding Fathers

SCOREBOARD A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Paul Anderson**, feisty 360-pound Toconog, Ga. ransacker, gave appreciative Russians sample of his enormous strength, lifted 492.41 pounds in two-hand press, 495.26 pounds in clean and jerk, set two world records in U.S.-Soviet weightlifting competition at Moscow. Other world record breakers: **Tommy Kono** of Sacramento, Calif., middleweight two-hands press with 293.5 pounds; **Raisa's Nikolai Kostylev**, lightweight snarl with 276.118 pounds; **Raisa's Fyodor Osipa**, middle heavyweight two-hands press with 314.8 pounds; **Raisa's Yuri Dapagos**, middleweight clean and jerk with 292

pounds (see page 11). ● **Harold Connolly**, withered-armed Boston University graduate student, unfurled tremendous 200-lb 5½-inch barbell in 16-pound barbell throw, broke U.S. standard at Quincy, Mass. ● **Mae Fagg**, speedy Tennessee State A & I girl, ran 198-yard dash in 6:38.7; Cuba's swift **Bertha Ibaez** slipped over 60-meter hurdles in 8:11.5 for new American marks in National AAU women's meet at Ponca City, Okla. ● **Adios Harry** posted off mile in 1:58 2/5, new world record for 4-year-old paced on half-mile track, swirled his half brother **Adios Boy** by two lengths in \$7,500 match race at Westbury, N.Y.

GOLF

Jack Fleck, unknown 32-year-old public course pro from Davenport, Iowa who never took golfing lessons or won a major tournament, freed blazing 67 to tie the limping **Ben Hogan** at 287, and his Hogan-made disks to rack up string of birdies for brilliant 89 that upset the old master by three strokes in play-off for U.S. Open championship at San Francisco's rugged Olympic Club. Tied for third behind Fleck and Hogan were fiery-tempered **Tammy Bell**, early leader, and **Sam Snead**, still looking for first Open victory, at 292, followed by **Julius Burs** and **Bob Rosburg** with 295; **Doug Ford**, **Red Holscher** and **Amateur Harvie Ward Jr.** with 296; **Jack Burke** and **Mike Souchak** with 297 (see page 18).

John W. Roberts, 36-year-old Columbus, Ohio management consultant, led behind after taking eight on 11th hole, snaggled back to shoot 78, defeated veteran **Roy Moore** of Waterville, Maine, who had 79, in play-off for U.S. Senior's title at Rye, N.Y.

Leslie Suggs of Sea Island, Ga., leading money winner among women, dropped 25-foot putt for birds on last green for 395 needed total and 44 plus points, scored out pretty **Marlene Haas** of Sarasota, Fla. by stroke to capture Triangle round-robin and \$1,500 at Grossinger, N.Y.

BASEBALL

New York Yankees won two out of three from Detroit, then lost lead temporarily when **Chicago White Sox** (see page 46) came to town and won first two games, 2-1, on **George Kell's** ninth-inning single, 6-3, when **Bob Turley** faltered for fifth straight time. Bouncing back to take Sunday double-header and two-game edge in American League, Yankees whipped **White Sox** 7-1 on caput nothing-but-pitching of veteran **Eddie Leary**, home runs by **Elston Howard** and **Bill Skowron**; took tonight, 5-2, on homers by **Gil McDougald** and **Mickey Mantle**.

Cleveland pulled off major trade, sent **Outfielders Dave Pope** and **Wally Westlake** to **Baltimore** for **Gene Woodling** and **Third Baseman Billy Cox** (who promptly announced retirement from baseball) but had his troubles despite **Herb Score's** two-hit 3-1 win over Washington, fell four games behind **Yankees**. **Boston Red Sox** continued red-hot pace, throttled **Kansas City** in three games, belted **Indians** in three out of four, 6-5, 2-4, 4-3, 11-7, as **Mel Parnell** returned from injured list to hurl two victories and **Ted Williams**, **Jack Jensen**, **Norm Maciskie**, **Rex Kline** and **Jim Pierce** belted dandy home hits.

Kansas City beat **Senators** twice, took

over sixth place while **Baltimore**, who sold **Pitcher Harry Byrd** to **Chicago**, remained in cellar.

Brooklyn Dodgers ran into double setback in Cincinnati after winning first game, 9-0, as **Johnny Podres'** second successive shutout, called on slugging **Pitcher Don Newcombe** to bail them out against St. Louis. **Newk** responded with 12-1 win for 11th victory, slammed fifth home run as **Duke Snider** (see cover) hit two for National League leaders. After bowing to **Cardinals** 5-4, **Dodgers** used superb relief job by **Karl Spooner** to win 7-4, moved 11 games ahead of second-place **Chicago Cubs**, who dropped two out of three to **New York Giants**, two out of four to **Philadelphia**.

Milwaukee Braves changed slugging **New York Yankees** 4-3, 7-4, 8-7 after doubleheader by **Philadelphia** 4-0, 3-0 and 6-4 defeat by Cincinnati, moved into third place ahead of **Giants**. **Leo Durocher**, miffed at "complainery" of 1964 world champions, accused veteran workhorse **Sal Maglie** of "hurling," benched slugging **Willie Mays** (see page 16) for first time in his career.

ROWING

Connell's smooth, long-stoking, sophomore-dominated crew paid little attention to scorching heat after getting off to poor start, trailed favored **Penn** and **Washington** before taking over lead, pulled away to win IRA varsity race by 2½ lengths on Lake Okauchas at Syracuse, N.Y. **Penn** staged thrilling sprint to nip **Navy**, last year's winner, for second, finished 2½ lengths ahead of fourth-place **Washington**. **Coach Harrison (Stork) Stanford's Big Red** also took freshmen and jayves races (see page 10).

Yale's veteran oarsmen, pacing themselves perfectly against Harvard's inexperienced crew, came from behind in final half-mile in response to **Stroke Steve Reynolds'** strong 34 beat, slipped across finish line ¼ lengths ahead of **Columbia** in 96th renewal of America's oldest athletic event at New London, Conn. to complete first sweep of river since 1935.

BOXING

Billy (Sweetpea) Pearce, smart-punching Los Angeles bantamweight, gave NBA-recognized champion **Raul (Raton) Marin** severe battering, broke little Mexican's jaw in two places with smashing left hook to win by KO in third round of non-title bout at Los Angeles, scored shot at crown.

Ralph (Tiger) Jones, durable middleweight, stayed clear of washed-up **Enrique Hernandez's** once-powerful right hand, out-punched and cut up rival around left eye, won Moody encounter by TKO when fight

was stopped at end of sixth round in New York.

Gov. Goodwin J. (Goody) Knight revealed exhaustive investigation of California boxing and wrestling has been underway for several weeks (SI, May 30), called for full cooperation from local, state and federal law enforcement agencies to track down runners of noncompetitive practices and underworld influence. **Knight** made available \$50,000 in State Athletic Commission funds to finance inquiry, appointed **James R. Cox**, Contra Costa County attorney and Contra Costa Standard football star, to direct investigation, assisted by **Herbert E. Van Braest**, Ontario city councilman and former FBI agent.

FENCING

Mrs. Maxine Mitchell, 37-year-old Los Angeles housewife, outdistanced all opposition without loss of single bout, won national women's individual championship in New York. **Richard Eyer**, classy Philadelphia subaltern, edged New York's **Sal Garkins** 5-4 in fence-off for men's saber title; **Albert Arnold** of **Salle Santelli** beat Dr. **Daniel Brinkman** 5-1 in fence-off for foil crown; **Abram Cohen** of New York Penns Club named out teammate **Frank Barbas** 3-2, broke tie for épée crown. **Fencers Club** won cup competition by winning three-weapon team championship with squad of **Hal Goldschmidt**, foil; **Al Skrandach**, épée; **Abram Cohen**, saber.

TRACK AND FIELD

Southern California picked up 10 points in pole vault, day's last event, outscored **UCLA** 45-34 to win seventh straight NCAA title as five records fell, one was tied in spectacular two-day show at Los Angeles. **Jim Gailly**, fast-moving Northwestern sprinter, ran record 8:20.5 for 225 around two in preliminary, came back to win 100 and 220 for meet's only double. Other records: **Les Hiner**, mighty Kansas javelin thrower, tossed spear 248 feet 1 inch, was one of six to better old mark of 228 feet 8½ inches; **Fordham's Tom Casterline** was half-mile after Phil's **Arnie Savell** failed to qualify, tore off 1:48.5 to erase **John Woodard's** 18-year-old record; **Southern Cal's** linker-legged **Eric Shelton** cleared 6 feet 11¼ inches in high jump; **Vilanova's Don Bragg** scored 15 feet 1 inch in pole vault. **Milt Campbell** of **Illiana** won 120-yard hurdles in 0:13.3, tied NCAA record. **Oregon's** Australian-born **Jim Bailey** upset duke in mile, held off teammate **Bill Deffinger** and **UCLA's Bobby Barnes** to win in 4:55.6.

ALL-ARMY championships at Manhattan, Kan., drew top-ranking stars who broke 11 records before Third Army won title with 41½ points. Red Richards, Pan-American Games champion, won 100 and 220, set pace for other record breakers.

HORSE RACING

Heavyweight. H. M. Warner's dark bay long shot, pulled major surprise in Baltimore's first \$62,500 Chicagoan at Washington Park, Homewood, Md., scored home to top by 1½ lengths after favored Traffic Judge faded badly from first to eighth in 17-horse field.

High Voltage. Wheatley Stable's spirited 3-year-old filly, tired in stretch run, got stubborn battle from Ben Party and Rios Romance but inched ahead when Eddie Arevalo went to whip, was by neck in \$49,625 Oaks at Delmarwe Park, Stenton, Del.

Ted Atkinsons, veteran jockey staging belated 39th birthday celebration at Aqueduct, N.Y., booked home five winners in one day including Greensteele Stable's Gold Ben, who moved briefly to 4½-length victory in \$38,150 Sherrin Stakes.

Parishouse, with Johnny Longden aboard, outlasted front-running Beem's blistering early pace, made late bid on inside, pulled away from weary rival to win \$28,200 Lakes and Flowers Handicap by two lengths at Hollywood Park, Calif.

HARNESS RACING

Jamie, 5-year-old 25-1 shot, came up from sixth place, outran Faber Haverer in stretch duel to score 3/4-length victory in \$25,000 American Trotting Championship at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, N.Y.

AUTO RACING

Juan Manuel Fangio, during Argentine race who won two major races earlier this year, powered his Mercedes through twisting North Sea dunes at average speed of 88.63 mph, covered 280.6 miles in 2:54.02.3 to beat out England's Stirling Moss, also in Mercedes, and Italy's Luigi Muro, driving Maserati, in Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort, all but detached second straight world title.

Italy's Cesare Pandini, in 2-liter Maserati, topped 56 laps at record average speed of 88.77 mph, was clocked in 1:46:25.8 for 159 miles, edged Umberto Maglioli's Ferrari by 22 seconds to win Shell Grand Prix at Imola, Italy. Harry Shell of Palm Beach, Fla. was third in Ferrari.

MOTORCYCLING

Brad Andres, 19-year-old San Diego daredevil, ignored three-machine crash that took life of Norman Lyons of New Britain, Conn., at Gifford, N.H., roared to new record of 1:49.46 to win 100-mile national championship.

MILEPOSTS

MARRIED—Louis Head, 20, Australian Davis Cup star, and Jennifer Jane Staley, member of touring Aussie women's tennis team, at Wimbledon, England (see page 22).

DEED—Billy Roche, 87, boxing referee who worked in more important bouts than any other American official, handler of heavy-weight champions, at Hollywood, Calif.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (Week Ending June 19)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. New York Yankees 10-3
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

2. Chicago White Sox 9-4
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

3. Cleveland Indians 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

4. Detroit Tigers 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

5. Boston Red Sox 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

6. Kansas City Athletics 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

7. Washington Senators 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

8. Baltimore Orioles 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

9. St. Louis Browns 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

10. Philadelphia Athletics 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

11. Chicago Cubs 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

12. New York Giants 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

13. St. Louis Cardinals 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

14. Pittsburgh Pirates 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

15. Cincinnati Reds 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

16. Milwaukee Braves 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

17. San Francisco Giants 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

18. Los Angeles Dodgers 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

19. San Diego Padres 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

20. Houston Astros 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

21. Texas Rangers 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

22. Oakland Athletics 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

23. Seattle Mariners 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

24. San Jose Giants 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

25. San Francisco Giants 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

26. Los Angeles Dodgers 8-5
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26. Los Angeles Dodgers 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

27. San Diego Padres 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

28. Houston Astros 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

29. Texas Rangers 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

30. Oakland Athletics 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

31. Seattle Mariners 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

32. San Jose Giants 8-5
W-L: 4-1
Runs: 47-21
Pct.: .640

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

1. Tony DeLorenzo, 1955 Ford, 100 mi. Grand Prix, 1:10.00. Driver, 1955 Ford, 100 mi. Grand Prix, 1:10.00. Driver, 1955 Ford, 100 mi. Grand Prix, 1:10.00.

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37. Tony DeLorenzo, 1955 Ford, 100 mi. Grand Prix, 1:10.00. Driver, 1955 Ford, 100 mi. Grand Prix, 1:10.00.

the new way



to add spice to your life!



Old Spice
FOR MEN
BODY TALCUM

100
MAKES TALK

SHULTON NEW YORK - TORONTO

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Questions:

Race tracks in France
are experimenting
with women jockeys.
Would you bet
on a girl jockey?

LT. GEN. BLACKSHEAR M. BRYAN JR.
Superintendent U.S.
Military Academy,
West Point



"Yes. There are many
fine women riders.
They often beat the
top men riders in the
National Horse Show,
where control of the
horse is perhaps more
important than in
racing. And some jockeys
frankly admit that
they often feel they are
just along for the ride."

home is perhaps more important than in racing. And some jockeys frankly admit that they often feel they are just along for the ride."

BYRONNE MARTIN, San Pedro, Calif.
Women Pilot
Publisher



"You bet I would.
Women have a way
of winning more often
than they lose. I've
bet on women all my
life. I've bet on my
mother, my grandmother,
my aunts and my
wife. I've won every time. Sure, I'd bet on
a girl jockey, but pal-lease give her a good
horse like Soaps to ride."

mother, my grandmother, my aunts and my wife. I've won every time. Sure, I'd bet on a girl jockey, but pal-lease give her a good horse like Soaps to ride."

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II, Doylestown, Pa.
Theatrical Producer



"Certainly. If a girl is
good enough to qual-
ify as a jockey and is
riding a good horse,
why not? But there
might be more chance
for a 'Yes' if there are
such things, because
I expect gallantry even
among male jockeys.
That would be all the
more reason for
betting on the girl jockey."

for a 'Yes.' If there are such things, because I expect gallantry even among male jockeys. That would be all the more reason for betting on the girl jockey."

JIMMY KILGORE



Official handicapper of
Belmont Park

"Not against male
jockeys. Women have
excellent hands, but
they don't have the
strength in their arms
for a strong finish. If
they had equal opportu-
nities to ride, per-
haps they could, in time,
vie with men. Horses
work more willingly
for women. That's
why women do most
show riding."

Not against male jockeys. Women have excellent hands, but they don't have the strength in their arms for a strong finish. If they had equal opportunities to ride, perhaps they could, in time, vie with men. Horses work more willingly for women. That's why women do most show riding."

C. M. STANLEY, Macmillan, Iowa

President United World
Federation



"Yes. A woman has a better chance competing against men in a horse race than she has in any other sport. Women jockeys would add a lot of color to racing. That's probably why the French are trying it. My wife claims that I would be more apt to bet on a horse if a woman jockey were up."

TEX O'DOURNE, New York

Hammill



"Yes. I've bet on girl jockeys many times. In 1906, I brought Georges Carpentier, the great French heavyweight, to the West Coast to try and arrange a bout. We went to the race at Tijuana. Two girl jockeys raced against five men. We bet on one of the girls and won."

DON SPENCER, New York

President Don Spencer
Advertising Agency



"No. Horse racing is as different from auto racing, basketball, etc. Women just do not have the final drive needed for competition against men. You might bet on them for fun, but you'd never win. You never do when you bet on a woman. It's the same old admonition, 'Never bet on a woman.'"

GEN. CARLOS ROMULO

Special Envoy of the
President of the Philip-
pines



"That depends on her record. Some women are better riders than men. A big mistake men make is underestimating women. When women make up their minds to do something, they generally succeed. Since girls are faster than flies, a good girl might be unbeatable with a girl jockey."

ADMIRAL JERARDO WRIGHT, USN

Supreme Allied
Commander Atlantic
Fleet



"In the Navy, we don't ride horses. You should pose that question to a cavalryman. But charged horses bet on the jockey as much as they do on the horse. So I'd have no hesitation placing a friendly wager on a horse ridden by a girl jockey. If she lost—well, how often do you win in a horse race?"

BOB KELLEY, N.Y.

Racing Association
Publicity Director



"No. Women are not strong enough. Race horses are trained like prize fighters. They are very strong and trained for one purpose—speed. A jockey has to have great strength to hold a horse and not give away speed before the final sprint at the finish of a race. Jockeys must have arms of steel."

FREDDY SCHWARTZ, New Orleans

Official checker
Daily Racing Form



"Perhaps. I've seen girls gallop horses. They did a very good job. Mickey Welch's daughter rode the mile in the creditable time of 1 minute 48 1/2 seconds. At Agua Caliente, girl jockeys have been tried in the Powder Puff Derby. Girl jockeys would add a lot of interest and color to racing."

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OIL ADDITIVES?

NOTHING... chemical additives, used by refiners, artificially give high detergency and great film strength to any motor oil. Modern high compression engines demand these qualities to reduce destructive engine "ping", prevent sticking hydraulic valve lifters and minimize wear.

BUT additives can lose their effectiveness—sometimes so rapidly that they are reduced below safe operating limits after only a few hundred miles of stop-and-go driving around town.

Yet your engine needs protection all the time. That's why it needs Macmillan RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty, the oil that gives continuous protection from oil change to oil change.

Macmillan oil is different because Macmillan does not rely on chemical additives alone. Macmillan begins with a special crude oil found in one certain area of the U. S. This crude oil contains a natural solvent and film strength not found in other crudes. These fixed compounds cannot be used up in service because they are part of the oil itself.

Sure, we use additives, too. But when they fade, the natural detergency and high film strength in Macmillan oil continue to protect your engine until your next oil change.

RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty is the only nationally distributed oil guaranteed to reduce destructive engine "ping" and eliminate trouble from sticking hydraulic valve lifters.

Macmillan inc.

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORP.
520 W. Sixth Street, Los Angeles 14

ask for Macmillan
RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty

at Independent
Stations and
Car Dealers

ONLY 40¢
A QUART



NEXT WEEK:

A special
Fourth of July
question

TIGER!



A Corvette is no tame kitten.

Sure, it can purr softly and gently as any household tabby, idling along in the sun. But even so, you catch a hint—a certain lithe competence in the way it moves, an undertone of raw power in the velvety exhaust.

For this one is a tiger! Under its sleek hood beats a savage heart—the steel-sheathed fury of 195 V8 horsepower. Its broad tread clings to the road with an incredible footsureness. And its 16-to-1 steering ratio, the taloned grip of its huge brakes, give it lightning-fast reflexes.

It is a tiger—but an obedient tiger. This fury of acceleration, these whiplash reflexes, are servant to the slightest nudge of your foot, the fractional pressure of your fingers. Your eye and your nerves command these steel muscles with an absolute sureness you have never even dreamed.

True, this car can slip through the tangle of traffic with effortless serenity, its special Powerglide transmission metering out a faultless flow of power. In its foam-rubber seats, its deep floor-carpeting, its glove-soft upholstery, are the true marks of luxury.

But the tiger is always there . . . just under the surface. And, if there is fire in your blood . . . if your heart scars to the harsh music of excitement . . . this is the car that was meant for you. Corvette is its name. And action is its business. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



CHEVROLET CORVETTE



EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

As Maine fishes, so fishes like • A word to the
wise guys • Most likely to succeed • A bath in
Onondaga • The one-hoss Buick • Uplift in USSR

IKE IN MAINE

NEXT SUNDAY Dwight Eisenhower is going to lose himself in the sport of presidents. He is going fishing, and he has chosen a remote corner of western Maine, one of the loveliest spots in a state noted for wilderness scenery. To fly fishermen it is almost sacred, for the log cabin Ike will occupy is on Farmachenee Lake, after which these two celebrated brook trout flies, the Farmachenee Beau and the Farmachenee Belle, were named.

Ike will probably be using these patterns in dry flies, though not on their namesake lake. Even when fishing a president's safety must be considered, and Secret Service has expressed an unwillingness to permit Ike to fish the lake from a small boat or canoe. Instead Ike will fish the nearby Magalloway River for squawtails, as Maine folk call the brook trout.

The Magalloway is a rippling jewel set among the blue-green of spruce and fir. The banks are brush-free and marsh of it can be waded. Just now it is sparkling clear but a trifle high. It is a small river of pools and broken water. At the beginning of a fine day the mist will lie along it until the sun warms it a little and then the May flies will start to dip and dance. This is dry-fly water of a caliber to make a man ache afterward in remembrance.

Guides of the region have been tying their favorite fly patterns for Ike. Among them he will probably find some small Brown Wulfs and Cahills, along with the more glamorous-looking Farmachenees. Whatever he uses, he

should find some willing trout, for when the May-fly hatch is on, the squawtail is a grand fish for the man who can float a dry fly the way Ike can.

Later, with perhaps a fire crackling in his cabin, the President may look out on lovely Farmachenee and note the fish rising in the last of the evening's light. He'll feel better for having fished, and that night he may hear the loons in their wild loneliness, which in itself is worth the trip to Maine.

HOW TO BEAT THE RACES

THERE WERE 5,591 persons at Buffalo Raceway, harness enthusiasts all. After the second race one of them

stepped up to the cashier's window and presented two daily-double tickets. He collected \$984.40. As the third race began, the cashier discovered he had paid out on the combination of 3 and 6. The winning combination: 7 and 6.

THE SMUGGLER

IT IS SAFE to say that nobody who sat in the University of Kansas stadium during commencement exercises this month listened quite as intently as black-gowned Senior Lawrence Loftus. Graduate-to-be Loftus seemed almost entranced, in fact, by the words of McGruder K. Sadler, president of
continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

London Tennis Championships at Queen's Club, traditional prelude to Wimbledon, were won by Australia's little left-hander, Ken Rosewall, and that hardy U.S. general, Louise Brough of Beverly Hills, Calif.

Jack Fleck, an unassuming Iowa, entered his name as the indelible tables of sport by firing a clutch birdie 3 on the 72nd hole, tying Ben Hogan for the U.S. Open medal score and then beating the great Texan in an 18-hole play-off.

Squaw Valley, the handsome new resort in California's High Sierras, was chosen (over Innsbruck, Austria) as the site of the 1960 winter Olympics; and Rome, Italy (despite a Detroit offer to pay traveling expenses of athletes from all over the world) as the scene of the 1960 Olympic Games.

Coming from behind after three and a half miles, Yale's vanity crew nipped Harvard

by five seconds on the Thames at New London in their 163-year-old four-mile classic, and in so doing gave the RedBoat its first three-race sweep since 1845.

Milwaukee Brewer Gus Borch denied, in an unceremonious manner, rumors that he proposed to sell the St. Louis Cardinals: "This is the loudest, driest, meanest thing that has ever happened to me. We're not going to sell that team this year, or next, or the one after that. My God, I'd sell the brewery before I'd sell the Cards."

Babe Didrikson Zaharias halted her golfing comeback for a session at St. Mary's Infirmary, Galveston, Texas—the Babe, apparently well recovered from her 1953 cancer operation, ruptured a spinal disc pushing a car out of heavy sand during a fishing trip to Port Aransas, Texas, a few weeks ago.

continued from page 9

Texas Christian University, who spoke during the baccalaureate service. This solemn attentiveness moved some of the more restless to open curiosity; they noticed with a sense of shock that Loftus was wearing a hearing aid.



None had suspected that he was deaf, and they were startled to think that they were seeing a man who was caught up, not so much by the sentiments of a speech, but simply by the miracle of hearing fully for the first time. It was a moving moment—until a less sentimental colleague discovered that Loftus' earplug was actually connected with a pocket radio concealed beneath his gown. He was listening to the second game of a double-header between Kansas City and the Red Sox. The Red Sox won 4-3.

STORK'S BABY

THE WATER of Lake Okauchaga at Syosset, N.Y., is not fit for drinking, swimming or fishing, but last week a dozen crew coaches dreamed of being tossed heading into it. Such a bath awaited the victorious coach in the Intercollegiate Rowing Association's 53rd annual regatta.

Only five coaches had a reasonable chance of fulfillment, but for Cornell's Harrison (Stork) Sanford the dream had at least an even chance of becoming a reality. Sanford's great freshman crew of last year was now his varsity, a powerful combination of sophomores averaging 6 feet 11 inches, 187 pounds. Pennsylvania, smaller and less strong, yet impeccably polished from seven solid months of daily practice as a unit, was also rated a co-favorite. But some of the best spirit, including that of Navy's "Mr. Rowing," Rascy Callow, was that the 1955 regatta looked like Stork Sanford's baby.

Stork himself was not so sure. A 6-foot 5-inch scarecrow of a man lining slightly to starboard under his bashed-in felt hat, Stork was a worried bird up to race time. He hadn't had a chance to work his crew enough because of rough water and a late spring in Ithaca. In earlier races (they were beaten by Navy and Penn.) Stork's sophomores had tensed up, failed to put their tremendous power to use.

Regatta day brought oppressive 92° heat and 18,000 spectators lining the lakeshore. Stork Sanford's plan was for the Big Red to get out in front at the start and stay there. Cornell's start was poor and it took the first mile to get them back into contention. They duked the next mile bow-to-bow with surprisingly strong Washington, as Penn's light crew fell off the pace, unable to recover. Wearing their weight advantage in powerful strokes through the glassy-still water, Cornell and Washington pulled away. Half a mile from the finish Cornell applied the pressure and moved half a length in front. Washington tried gamely to respond, but the heat was just too much. As the Huskies upped their bow, their No. 2 man, Fred Stoll, caught a cramp, then collapsed from heat exhaustion, falling against his bowman, Bob Rogers, and nullifying two oars. Washington faded to fourth, finishing behind Penn and Navy.

Back at the boathouse, Stork Sanford happily endured the traditional dunking in Lake Okauchaga's murk water. (With the Big Red freshmen and junior varsity crews also victims, the afternoon had produced Cornell's first IIA sweep.) Experts agreed afterward that Stork Sanford's kids, now suddenly grown up, loom as the best U.S. bet in the 1956 Olympics.

CROSBY ON FAULKNER

BING CROSBY's love for horses and racing was converted by his writers into material for radio jokes some years back, and so The Grouser never did get the credit he deserves for being



MEOW!

A cat watching Ironic Stork really shook it said, "Thank goodness I'm not in that racket!"

—Glen Prochard

a serious player in development of the California-bred horse, now come to fruition in Swaps. He never asked for it, either. The jokes ran their cycle and eventually were dropped but Crosby's affection continued.

New evidence of it turned up again recently when Bing devoted large portions of three of his CBS radio shows to the reading of some just-dead literature on racing by William Faulkner.

"I suppose many people—qualified people—hold William Faulkner to be our first man of letters," Crosby said. "Certainly he's right up there in the van of anybody's best-list of great writers." Then he told how a recent article by Faulkner "about Kentucky, about the days and events leading up to the Derby Day, about the Derby itself . . . really enthralled me."

"It's a stirring tribute to the great race, to the sport of kings. I think we could stand a reading of it over these facilities. Mr. Faulkner says . . ."

Then Bing began reading and, of course, he was reading from Faulkner's Derby article in *SI* (May 16): *Kentucky: May! Saturday*. He read it very well, too.

GREEN AND SASSY

HUNTERS' RIFLES occasionally sent echoes booming back and forth across Woodland Valley in New York's Catskill Mountains but, strictly speaking, its remarkably quiet has been disturbed only three times since the beginning of time. Tanners attacked its green hills for hemlock after the Revolution, quarrymen invaded it after that to blast out bluestone for the sidewalks of New York—and in the 1920s, after decades of calm, a couple of car-crazy teenagers named Phil Hainell and Joe Clark spent summer after summer racing each other down its winding, stream-bordered dirt roads in protesting family automobiles.

The competition reached its peak in 1928. Hainell, a Philadelphia, arrived at his parents' summer home in a red Buick roadster with yellow wheels and found Clark ready with a huge and ancient Marmon roadster. The Marmon had been "supercharged" with the blower from a blacksmith's forge—a device one of Clark's brothers hand-cranked while lying on a front fender. According to local legend, dozens of trees along the Woodland road still yank their branches up out of the way at the first sound of an open exhaust.

The exigencies of adulthood both calmed and separated the two speed maniacs, but it did not cure them. Two

years ago Phil Halsell left Philadelphia, found a comfortable old house in Woodland Valley and settled down in hopes of spending the rest of his days amidst the hills and trout streams of his youth. He promptly bought an MG and joined the sports car club at Woodstock, the famed Catskill artists' colony. But somehow or other the MG left something in him unsatisfied. He traded it in on an Austin-Healey. The Austin-Healey did not make his blood sing either. He traded in the Austin-Healey on a Jaguar. But his love affair with the Jag had hardly begun when his head was turned by a machine with an appeal as hearty as an old dance tune—a 1936 Buick Century sedan with only 81,000 miles on the speedometer.

He bought it immediately (for \$25) and set off, himself at last, to find Joe Clark. "First Century they made," he said. "Same owner until now. Had a valve job only 20,000 miles ago." Clark, now a Hudson River Valley fruit farmer, understood instantly. Together they drove out on the New York Thruway to check the speedometer against the mileposts and noted, for future reference, that it was in error a plus 3 1/2, with the three inflated to 30 pounds and hot.

This month, when almost two dozen Austin-Healeys, Jaguars, Sunbeams, MGs and Ford Thunderbirds checked in for the start of the Windham Sports Car Rally—an affair held on Catskill roads—Phil Halsell's Jaguar was missing. He drove up instead in his 1936 Buick. Beside him, slide rule and stop watch in hand, sat Navigator Joe Clark. Working with a kind of feverish joy, they put the old green sedan through its paces—160 miles of driving through creek points at an average of 34.17 miles an hour, a semicircle-course test in which the ancient car had to labor over a 3,000-foot mountain and through a "gymkhana" in which Halsell harked, turned and tramped on the brakes like a man possessed. Who won? Why Halsell, Clark and the old green sedan. Last week they were feverishly planning to enter their old campaigner in the granddaddy of all road tests, the 1,200-mile Great American Mountain Rally next Thanksgiving Day. And why not? The Buick, they report, has now been equipped with a new set of shock absorbers.

play that he blood the Mat's American paintings best of all, a team of American weight lifters was on tour in Russia, engaged in the first dual sports meet between Russians and Americans since World War II.

The Soviet press extended friendly greetings, a Muscovite band haltingly rendered *The Song of Joseph B. Anderson* and Russian crowds went crazy over the American heavyweight Paul Anderson, "proud to represent the United States from 912 East Tagalo Street, Toccoa, Georgia" (SI, March 21).

An eight-page edition of the sports paper *Soviet Sport* gave a full page to the feats of the Americans. The Soviet Committee for Physical Culture and Sport entertained the athletes at a Metropol Hotel reception. A bus was assigned to take them sight-seeing.

While the official welcome might be considered a calculated straw in the political wind that blows now hot, now cold, there was no questioning the sincerity of the Soviet little man in his admiration for 346-pound Anderson, the strongest man in the world. In Moscow he broke two records, to the honest joy of the audience. First he belted 402.41 pounds in the two-hands press, 21.41 pounds better than the old

record. Then he lifted 425.565 pounds in the clean and jerk. The record, held by Norbert Scharwansky of the United States, was 425 pounds. Paul set no mark in the snatch but his three-event total was 1,184.3 pounds, against 996.6 for his opponent, Alexei Medvediev.



Tommy Kono of Sacramento, middleweight, and David Sheppard of New York, middle-heavyweight, won their events, but the Moscow meet ended in a tie as Stanislaus Stanczyk of Miami, light-heavyweight, and Joseph Pizani of Vero Beach, Florida, lightweight, lost and Charles Vinel of Cleveland retired with a strained back. And a few days later at Leningrad, Kono lifted 391.5 pounds, topping his own world mark in the two-hands press, as the Russians won four events, the U.S. three.

But the free expression of admiration for the Americans, in auditoriums and on the streets, was more amazing and certainly more encouraging from this distance than any records.

continued on next page



"All you have to listen to me. Just rely on your feminine intuition!"

RED CARPET TREATMENT

THE DAY Vyacheslav M. Molotov visited New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art to make the diplomatic

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 21

PEEPING AT PAR

Lou Riggio, a partner in the Madison Avenue advertising firm of Hilton & Riggio, was recently and accurately described as "a medium-sized guy with weak eyes who plays bad golf, real bad." Mr. Riggio's golfing prowess is the even score 100. He broke out once, long ago, but since then his scores have consistently come in three figures.

All this changed a few weeks ago when Lou Riggio's oculist sentenced him to a pair of bifocals. Dutifully, Lou took the new glasses out to the golf course and, stepping to the first tee, he glanced down at the ball. As his gaze passed through the segments the ball leaped wildly out of focus.

After much craning and squinting Riggio discovered that by keeping his head down—a golfing technique he had previously ignored—he had a clear view of the ball through the top of the glasses.

Pecured thus, he cracked out a fine, straight drive. Head still down, he belted a firm iron. This went on through most of the 18 holes until he arrived at the clubhouse with a score below 100 and a heart full of hope. He told his story to a friend named John Lannigan, a clever man who shoots in the low 80s and thinks commercially. In a matter of days Mr. Lannigan had parlayed the talents of another oculist and the world's largest manufacturer of singlasses. The result was a pair of opaque black glasses with a small rectangular slot in each lens. Through the slots the golfer sees only the ball. If he moves his head it disappears from view. And since the physiology of golf dictates that the player must not look straight down at the ball except in putting, the slots are set at the left side of each lens.

Lannigan has named his product Par Peepers. Not that they carry any such firm guarantee, but here, at least, is one more gadget to help or hinder man's infinite pursuit of the obviously unattainable.

O'CONNOR'S MIRACLE

FOR EIGHT YEARS Father Hugh O'Connor, pastor of St. Cecilia's in Sunderland, England, had been trying to persuade a landowner of the neighborhood to sell him a small parcel of farm land as a site for a new church. Father O'Connor's parishion-

ers said he was wasting his time, that it would take at least a minor miracle to make the landowner change his mind.

This year, annual, Father O'Connor tried again, and the landowner came up with a counterproposal. "There's a movement on, Father O'Connor," he said, "to abolish the Grand National. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm getting people to sign a petition to preserve the National and if you can get me 1,200 signatures, I'll let you have the land you're after."

In six days Father O'Connor was back with 1,400 signatures. Last week workmen were digging the foundation for the new church and Father O'Connor was feeling pleased on all counts; coming from a long line of Irish homebreeders, he's strong for preserving the Grand National, too.

LOVE AT WIMBLEDON

AUSTRALIAN tennis is a grim, ascetic game to which a man is expected to devote himself entirely, undistracted by even thoughts of romance or any other diversion normal to less dedicated men.

Nonetheless, Lewis Hoad, Australia's 39-year-old star, entered a church in

cold, rainy Wimbledon the other day and was joined in matrimony to Jennifer Jane Staley.

You would have thought he had hurled the Davis Cup with curses into the English Channel. The Aussie tennis entourage, battling it out in the London championships as a warmup for Wimbledon, was stunned. All next day its leaders conferred on what to do. At week's end there was no ready solution. All members of touring Australian tennis teams must sign an agreement that they will be accompanied by no wives or other family members. But the agreement says nothing about mergers in midstream. Hoad, it seemed, had served an ace.

GROUNDLINGS

FOOTBALL TEAMS from the U.S. Military Academy and the U.S. Naval Academy, a pair of tradition-steeped athletic powers, are perfectly willing to play an upstart newcomer, the U.S. Air Force Academy, in the near future—but not in Colorado Springs (altitude: 5,980 feet). As well-trained strategists, both Army and Navy recognize the error of meeting a bunch of flyboys in the rarefied atmosphere of the wild blue yonder.

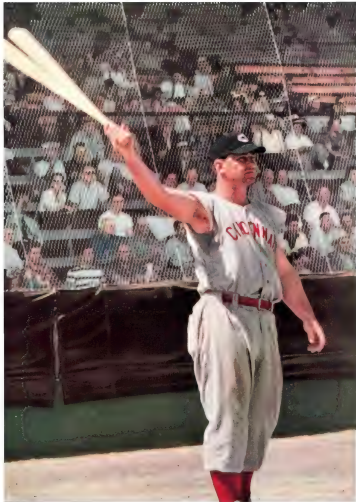
SPECTACLE

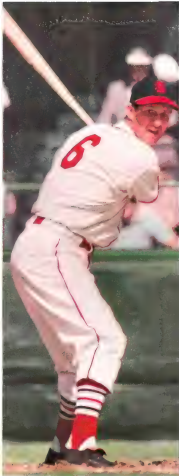
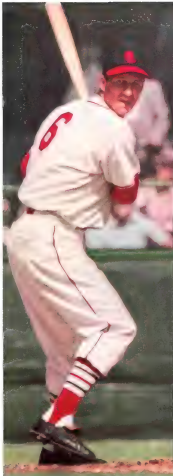
BIG KLU AND BATS

1955 looks like the Year of the Slugger in the National League as the Dodgers shoot for an all-time homer record

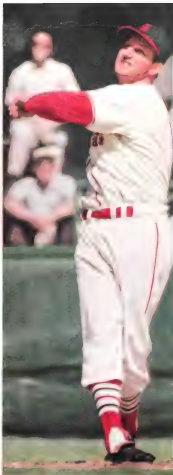
The mass of muscle on the opposite page is the 6-foot 3-inch, 236-pound scourge of National League pitching. Though he looks like King Kong in soiled flannels he goes by the name of Ted Kluszewski and he plays first base for the Cincinnati Reds. Up to this week he had socked 20 home runs while batting .336. Together with the other two National League sluggers shown in color on the following three pages, Big Klu is contributing more than his share to making 1955 a year of terror for pitchers. Another of the more horrifying sights for any pitcher is on pages 14 and 15—Stan Musial in the act of bruising someone's best delivery. Elsewhere, the Brooklyn Dodgers, with such wallop hitters as Duke Snider (cover and page 17), Roy Campanella and Gil Hodges leading the way, are challenging the major league record of 221 home runs in a season set by the 1947 Giants. The bats of Eddie Mathews and Bobby Thomson of the Braves, along with Del Ennis of the Phillies, are inflicting further mayhem. Together they are bringing nightmares to otherwise stouthearted pitching staffs and making 1955 the Year of the Slugger.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KATZMAN AND BY PERSIN

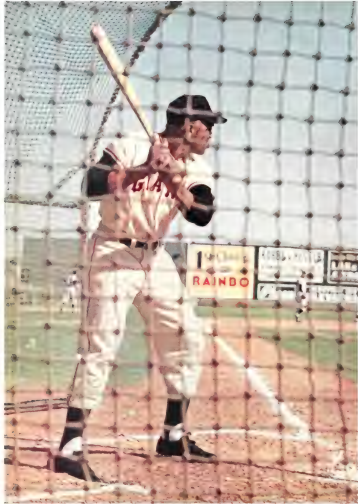




Stan Musial of St. Louis Cardinals coils before he strikes. As the ball approaches plate, he shifts



onto right foot, whipping bat around with terrific wrist action, follows through as ball heads for seats



DUKE OR WILLIE? A VOTE FOR SNIDER

Brooklyn's most artful Dodger is hitting better than Mays and many baseball men consider him at least Willie's equal as an outfielder

BASEBALL comparisons are as inevitable as they are apt to be invidious, especially where those archrivals, the New York Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers, are concerned. No one knows this better than Edwin Donald (Duke) Snider (see cover), Brooklyn's great center fielder, who many have come to consider the most dangerous hitter in the National League.

All the press-agency that has developed in the last year over whether Snider or Willie Mays (opposite) could carry each other's bat and glove is strictly for the birds in the bleachers. Snider feels. Ordinarily a noncombative, even overmodest, person, the Duke this spring was needed into declaring, "It's just plain silly, comparing us. I think the real fans know who's the better ballplayer." With a cogent, blue-eyed stare, he subsequently added, "I make more money, don't I?"

Snider does—about \$35,000 to Mays's \$25,000—but he's been around a lot longer than Willie. And in spite of Mays's great 1954 performance, Snider's current larger paycheck would seem but a proper tribute to his eight-year record, his .307 lifetime average (Mays's is .304), his sensational slugging and his tremendous fielding. Not as dashing as Willie is in center, or as flamboyant, and more confined by the fences of Ebbets Field than Mays is in the Polo Grounds, Snider reminds one of the careful, easy, toying grace of Joe DiMaggio; and because he's more of a veteran than Mays, he has better knowledge of the league's hitters.

Most significantly, perhaps, Snider's response to the Mays mania is a sign that he has finally achieved the full quota of self-confidence and competitive drive he has heretofore been accused of lacking. This season he may achieve at least two, and perhaps all three, of his objectives.

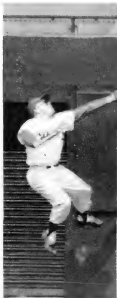
These are, in order of importance to him, collecting 200 hits or more (he's had 199 twice and 198 once); winning the batting championship; and taking the runs-batted-in title. He also might well be the home run champion. Only six players in major league history—most recently Ted Williams in 1942 and 1947 and Joe Medwick in 1937—have won the so-called triple crown: tops in batting, runs-batted-in and homers in a single year.

As of now, occupying the top half of baseball's biggest one-two punch—the rejuvenated Ray Campanella is the other half—Snider is off-and-batting. His solid .321 last week made him the league's fifth man in the averages; he already had 69 hits, including 20 home runs, and was leading teammate Campanella with 63 to 58 for most runs batted in.

SOUTHPAW SURGE

A left-handed power slugger with a big, sweeping swing, Snider has never done so well against southpaws as against right-handers. As of the end of 1954, he had gone to bat 3,729 times as a National Leaguer and had hit only 384 against left-handers while batting .319 against righties (he had seen the latter four times as often). But in 1954 for the first time he hit over .300 against southpaws, collecting 20 hits in 45 at bats for .336; this year, to date, he's hitting .375, third best on the club and at one point had six straight blows, including a home run, against them. Like some other great free-swinging sluggers, Snider has always struck out a lot, and he admits that he doesn't ever expect to average less than 75 to 85 whiffs per season.

Such statistics tell more about Snider the man than the usual set of figures does about a ballplayer. They point up, chiefly, that he has learned



THE DUKE ASCENDS in quest of a long fly hit by Willie—not Mays, but Jones.

to relax, let the bad pitches go by and not worry as much as he once did about a brief slump or even a bad day.

Snider's roommate and closest friend on the Dodgers, stylish Pitcher Carl Erskine, says of him, "He has got to know himself better than anybody else possibly can. The moody spells have disappeared. Maybe they used to affect his fielding and base-running too, but now if he doesn't beat you at bat he'll do it with a great catch or with some heady work on the path." Snider often takes tips on a brief batting lapse from Erskine and other

continued on page 58

Trying to recapture his 1954 form, Willie Mays puts in some extra work in the batting cage. Last year the young Giant slugger had 41 home runs and the top slugging average (.467) in the majors.



JACK

THE GIANT KILLER

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

W hene Jack Fleck? If you had been able to answer that question a week ago on a television quiz and had been able to answer it correctly, there is no knowing how many refrigerators and home freezers it would have won for you. Today it is different. Everybody knows who Jack Fleck is. He is the angular 32-year-old Iowan who accomplished two miracles two days hand running. On Saturday at the Olympic Club course in San Francisco, he tied Ben Hogan for first place in the 55th National Open Championship with a 67 on his last round. On Sunday, playing crisp, precise shots from tee to green and putting like a man in a trance, he stopped Ben's tremendous bid to become the first five-time winner of the Open by outscoring him 69 to 73 in the play-off. In short, Jack Fleck is the new National Open champion.

Late on Saturday afternoon, just about an hour after Hogan had finished his fourth and final round with a 79 and had trudged up the hill to the locker-room to sweat out Fleck, the only man on the course with a chance to tie his four-round total of 287 strokes, a tall, spare, sember-faced young man, his dark eyebrows edging from beneath his large gray cap, walked calmly and easily down the fairway of the 18th hole. This rather Lincolnian figure was Fleck, a pro with just the suspicion of a reputation who operates two municipal courses in Davenport, Iowa when he is not competing in tournaments, who plays with Hogan clubs, who never before had

Jack Fleck, a young municipal course pro from Iowa, conquered two great institutions, the U.S. Open and Ben Hogan, for a great golfing victory

finished as high as fifth place in any circuit competition and who had had an 87 in a warm-up round. On the 337-yard 18th, Fleck walked to the edge of the rough where his drive had ended a scant four inches off the left edge of the fairway, about 110 yards from the small plateaued green which lies in the U at the base of a steep-banked natural amphitheater. As some 10,000 spectators peered down from the hillside, Fleck undramatically prepared to play his pitch—a very big shot indeed. On it rode, to a very large extent, the success or failure of the magnificent attempt to catch Hogan this highly unregarded young man had been making all afternoon after Hogan's pace (and their own crews) had killed off all of his experienced competitors.

At the time Hogan had holed out on the 72nd green, Fleck, who had started the final round three shots behind him, had been playing the 13th hole, the 66th of the tournament. He had then stood two under par for the round. He had gotten his par nicely on the 12th and had rescued his par on the 13th with an excellent trap shot, but when he had gone one over par with a five on the 14th, Fleck's chances of catching Hogan had seemed absolutely forlorn. To do so, he had had to finish with two pars and two birdies on the last four holes, and on the Olympic Club course this is a considerable feat on a lazy non-tournament afternoon let alone on the last round of the world's most important championship.

Fleck had immediately picked up one of the birdies he needed on the 16th, a short par three, where he damped his iron about nine feet from the cup and holed his putt. On the 660-yard 18th, after he had pulled his third in the rough behind the apron, he had

all but holed his delicate chip. Par. Playing now like a man who has been "touched," as golfers say, hitting every shot superbly, he had faced two woods to the back of the green on the 17th, a par four 461 yards long which swings uphill all the way. His try for his birdie from 40 feet had just slid by the cup. Par. So now it all depended on whether or not he could birdie the home hole.

From his lie in the rough—not too difficult a lie since the rough was not too heavy at that spot—Fleck played a three-quarter seven-iron and hit a simply wonderful shot. Flying in a low trajectory, the ball just cleared the bunker that guards the front entrance to the green and sat down hole-high, seven feet to the right of the cup. This home green tilts severely from back to front and its surface is slippery. All the tournament long, the players, and with reason, had been babying their putts here, hoping to catch just a corner of the cup. There was nothing tentative about Fleck's putt, downhill with a faint right-to-left borrow, as he read it correctly. He struck the ball firmly and it rolled right in, right in the center. He had gotten that birdie, he had tied Hogan, but for minutes and minutes after they had seen him do it, no one in the gallery could actually believe what they had witnessed.

Jack Fleck's fantastic finish and his equally incredible golf in the play-off were the ultimate chunks of drama in a championship which, even before Fleck came ghosting down the stretch, had made its progress one of the most exciting additions of the National Open. It had just about everything. To begin with, after only one man had broken par (70) on the opening round—Tommy Bolt with a 67—there had been the annual controversy as to whether or

continued on next page

END OF THE TRAIL seems for Ben Hogan as he flings wearily uphill to 18th green in play-off round, already beaten and leaning for support on his putter. A few minutes later, his voice crackling with emotion, Ben announced retirement from competition.

OH, BROTHER, WAS IT ROUGH!

Pros discover problems of the weekend golfer



ED (POKEY) OLIVER FEELS CLUMSY OUT OF SAND TRAP BESIDE 10TH GREEN



DEFENDING CHAMPION ED FURBER (CHARLIE) IN TROUBLE ON 12TH



EARLY LEADER TOMMY BOLT TELLS SOME SAD TALES

THE U.S. OPEN

continued from page 19

net the USGA and the host club had made the course unfairly tough in their efforts to provide a formidable test for the present brigade of precision golfers. Along the narrow fairways—narrower in "feel" than their actual measurements since they are lined with dark green cedars, eucalyptus and pine—lurked rough that was really rough. Mainly made up of a rye grass imported from Italy 33 years ago, grass whose single stalks measure about three-eighths of an inch in width, this rough, whether cut to two inches adjacent to the fairways or allowed to grow first to five inches and then to a foot in

height farther from the fairway, was extremely thick, matty and resistant. To play more than a six-iron from the deeper strips was quite impossible. Moreover, the clumsy rough around the perimeter of the greens was terribly potent. To get out of it, a golfer had to strike the ball a pretty decisive blow, and it was quite impossible to do this without the ball's picking up a terrific overspin that sent it racing, sometimes, over the opposite edge of the green. To cope with this rough, a sharp-edged wedge was required equipment, and as Bob Drum of the *Pittsburgh Press* remarked, this Open, among its other distinctions, could boast of "the sharpest wedges ever honed."

In any event, since scrambling was

out of the question, the major problem for anyone who hoped to score well was to sacrifice distance and keep straight and meet this examination in tight target golf on its own terms. On his opening round, Sam Snead did just the reverse. After missing three putts of under five feet which had taken the edge off his concentration, Sam had begun spraying his tee shots, had been unable to get home from the rough and had ended his sad safari with 79 blows. Although it later turned out not to be the case, it seemed at the time that Sam had shot himself completely out of the tournament and, in his understandable chagrin, had staggered from the clubhouse to his auto still wearing his spikes. On this opening round, 82 of



FANS AND OFFICIALS JOIN THE DEEP GRASS FOR HIS LOST BALL



SAM SNEAD CAN HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES AS HE INSPECTS HOLE LIE ON 17H



JACK BURKE JR. AND CADDY SEARCH THROUGH GRASS FOR HIS DRIVE ON 17H



BURKE WASTES A SHOT TO GET BACK ON THE FAIRWAY

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM HARRIS FOR LIFE

the 162 starters took 80 or more to get around. At the halfway mark, a total of 135 strokes was low enough to qualify for the final 36 on Saturday, the highest figure for the "cut" in a good many seasons.

By Saturday, the big day, when a mild San Francisco fog rolled in (on both noddies' toes) and obscured most of the white city in the distance, "the cream" had come to the top, as it invariably does on a demanding course. Leading at 144 were Bolt and Harvie Ward. With a chance to run away from the field if he added a fairly low second round, Bolt had taken a 77, fading his iron chronically and stroking his putts anything but like the golfer who had taken only 24 putts in the process

of his opening 67. A stroke behind at 145 stood Ben Hogan (73-72) and Julian Boros (76-69) along with Fleck (76-69) and another unknown, Walker Eaman, a youngster from Augusta who had been Fleck's playing partner the first two days and who is his present traveling partner on the tournament circuit. Snead, relaxed again and playing superlatively from tee to green, had leapt back with a 69, and he stood at 148 along with Jack Burke, only four strokes off the pace. It was an amazing dramatic personnel for the final day, a storybook lineup if there ever was one. Here was Harvie Ward, the local boy who lives across the street from the club, with as good a chance as any amateur has had in a long, long

time to take the Open. Here was Snead once again in a position, if he could muster all his talent, to finally take the Open, the only major championship he has never won though, heaven knows, he has had his chances. And here, to be sure, was Hogan. On his first two rounds, Ben's play had not been too impressive, not for anyone who remembered the complete authority that had been his in 1951 and in 1953, his peak year. The old sense of attack was missing in his putting. His swing seemed somewhat flatter and shorter than usual. He seldom opened up with his full cut, and when he did, he had trouble getting through on the shot. He was swinging faster too, sort of

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continued from page 21

punching into the short shots with his forearms feeling the blow. But Ben was controlling the ball, hitting the fairways, hitting the greens, retaining his composure and his keenness since the tiredness that came into his legs as he climbed up and down the hills was largely burned away by the inner drive that stayed with him every second of

the way as he strove to achieve his appointed goal of becoming the first player ever to win the Open five times.

By midafternoon it looked as if Ben had that 60th championship, and with strokes to spare. One by one the other contenders had faded away. Young Inman went out with a 16 in the morning, and Harvie had shot his wad on the third round also, with a 16. Bob Rosburg, who had rushed into the contention with a 67 in the morning,

played himself out of it early in the fourth round. Ben's chances were finished after he took a double bogey on the short 3rd (or 53th). For all intents and purposes, the tournament had resolved itself into another duel between those two ancient rivals, Hogan and Snead.

Playing about three holes in front of Ben, Sam started the final round one shot behind him. He quickly fell three behind when he led off with 5-5 against Ben's 4-4. He remained three behind when he finished in 37 and Ben in 35. At this stage of the tournament, both of these great golfers were playing great golf. You just can't hit a golf ball any better than Sam was hitting it. On the 12th, 13th and 14th, for example, he played, in succession, an 8-iron approach nine feet past the pin, a 4-iron five feet past and a 5-iron approach about seven feet to the left. He made none of the putts and, in truth, never looked for a moment as if he would. The definitive comment on Snead's pathetic failure on the greens came on the 13th (or 67th) hole, a 187-yarder, where he all but holed his 4-iron. As the ball barely missed the cup and fell five feet by, Sam's rosters almost conceded on the spot that, having missed his one, he would now have to settle for a three.

FREED BY ADRENALIN

Some 40 minutes later, Hogan, pelting the short 13th, went one over par, to cut his lead over Snead to two strokes. Immediately on top of this, he faded his drive on the 14th, a long par four, into the five-inch rough. The decisive action in the Hogan-Snead duel then took place. After chipping his rosters by taking a four-wood from his bag, Ben played his finest shot of the round. Hitting the ball with a slight cut, he swatted it out of the grass and on a dead line for the center of the green some 210 yards away. The ball hit on the upside to this hilltop green, landed up between the two flanking bunkers and expired some 20 feet from the hole. Almost simultaneously, the report came through that Snead had bogeyed both the 14th and the 15th. Hitting the ball with a freer action and more juice as the adrenalin released by the prospect of winning vared through his system, Ben finished with a birdie and three steady pars for a 70. He walked off the 72nd green, the apparent victor, to one of the greatest and most honestly earned acclamations in the history of a game which will go a long time indeed before it knows another champion of his stature.

WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED

IN THE LOCKER ROOM, Ben Hogan sank heavily on a bench and took a Scotch and water from somebody's hand. It seemed certain that his 287 had clinched his fifth championship. He sipped his drink, shook his head and said slowly: "Boys, if I win it, I'll never work at this again. It's just too tough getting ready for a tournament. This one doggone near killed me. Besides, I don't think it's fair to drag Valerie [Mrs. Hogan] around and put her through this every time." Someone asked if his leg had bothered him. "Only my knee," said Ben. "The more I walked, the more it hurt." From the end of the row of lockers an attendant shouted: "Jack Fleck is on 16 and he needs one birdie on the last three to tie!" Hogan sipped his drink, then smiled thinly: "Good for him." A reporter asked: "Which hole do you think you won it on, Ben?" He frowned: "There's no one hole. You don't win tournaments on just one hole. There's 72 holes." A newcomer burst into the group. "Fleck's parred 17!" he cried. "Just missed his birdie. Needs a birdie on 18 to tie." Hogan stood up. He stepped out of his slacks, revealing a bandaged left knee. "I got to take a shower," he said. He walked off, stiff-legged. There was small talk, then the group was silent until Ben returned. He pulled on his slacks, slipped on his tumbled shoes, grinned as he looked around. Another runner arrived, panting. "Fleck's in the rough on the 18th," he shouted. Everyone turned back to Hogan. He reached into his locker, pulled out his tie and slowly began knotting it. Incredibly, somebody decided to ask: "Ben, did you use your own clubs, the ones you manufacture, in the tournament?" Hogan whirled and exploded: "Of course I did! Are you kidding?" Jack Burke walked in, began to wrestle with his locker. "What did you do, boy?" Hogan called to him. "No good, Ben," Burke answered. "Drove in the rough all day." Tommy Bolt came in, elaborately avoided Topic A: "Hey, Benny, you got me all fouled up down there at Fort Worth. You got me to fix that back. Now, doggone it, I'm slicing the ball. I'm gals' back to hookin'. You son of a gun, I bet you did that a-purpose." Hogan smiled. Cary Middlecoff appeared, stuck out his hand. "Wonderful tournament, Ben, wonderful," he said. "A damn good score." He hurried away. Hogan drew on his jacket, reached into his locker and took out his clubs and threw them on the floor. "Anybody want a club cover?" he asked offhandedly. Before anyone could answer, a new informant rushed in. "Ben, Fleck's got an eight-foot putt to tie!" Hogan relaxed. No one could think of anything to say for a moment. Then, desperately, a man brought up the subject of Ben's club manufacturing business again. "Now, how many clubs will you make in a day, Ben?" he asked. "It comes to 460 sets a month, Bill," Hogan said. "Isn't it true, Ben," the man rushed on, "that you throw away a hundred thousand clubs because they weren't perfect?" Hogan nodded. "I got at least \$150,000 worth of new clubs I won't ship." He sat down on the bench again. The group fell silent. Then it came: a tremendous roar of the gallery at the 18th. A reporter whispered hoarsely: "The kid's sunk it!" Ben Hogan's head went down and he cursed softly. Then he lifted his head and looked around at them all. "I was wishing he'd either make a two or a five," he said. "I was wishing it was over—all over." He turned to an attendant, indicated his clubs and sighed. "Well, we might as well git those things back in the locker. Gotta play tomorrow, looks like."

And then along came Fleck.

The story of the play-off really began on the 6th hole. One stroke ahead at this point, Fleck had not played a bad shot. It is not unfair to the new champion to say that everyone in the gallery wondered when he would make his first error and what effect this would have on him. Well, he pulled his approach on the 6th, a par four measuring 437 yards, into the trap to the left of the green. He followed this with a rather loose recovery 25 feet past the pin. He then proceeded to knock the putt into the hole, and his errors had hurt him not at all. On the short eighth, after Hogan had rolled in a 50 footer for a deuce, the amazing Mr. Fleck coolly rolled in his eight footer for his deuce. The gallery had hardly digested this when he holed another long one for a birdie on the 9th, this one from about 35 feet. By this time everyone was almost conditioned to the fact that Fleck might hole anything, and on the very next green he holed still another. This one, however, was a mere 18 footer.

INTO THE PATCH

After this, Fleck holed no long ones, but this staggering putting spree had put him three under par and three strokes up on Hogan. It proved to be a sufficient cushion. Summoning all his heart and skill, Hogan fought back to chop one stroke off Fleck's lead with a birdie on the 14th, to chop off another with a fair four on the 17th. Now, with the positions of the previous day reversed, as it was, with Hogan needing to pick up one stroke on Fleck on the 18th, Ben just couldn't make it. He had no chance, in fact, after his drive. He hooked it into the fast-high rough, into an exceptionally healthy patch that all but obscured the ball. It took Ben three strokes to reach the fairway, one to uncover the ball, another to badge it three feet, a third to punch it laterally to the fairway. Both men finished like champions. Hogan holed a 25-foot downhill. Fleck played a perfect four.

Perhaps all of us who saw this play-off can appreciate a bit better now how it felt to be at Brookline in 1933 when another complete unknown—the name was something like Guirnee—defeated the peerless Harry Vardon and that other contemporary giant, Ted Ray, in that historic Open play-off. This too, some 42 years later, was quite an afternoon, and the new champion, Jack Fleck, revealed himself to be quite a golfer. (CWS)



'BEST-LOOKING CHAMPION'

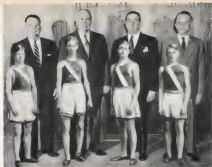
JACK FLECK OF IOWA

THE TELEPHONE had been ringing off the wall. Now it was an interviewer calling all the way from New York. Before she knew exactly what she was saying, Mrs. Jack Fleck had blurted: "He's the best-looking champion the Open has ever had. He's got beautiful, thick brown hair and green eyes and dimples—he looks just like Tyroone Power!" Such widely exuberance would be deplored by most husbands, but if tall, slender, admittedly handsome Jack Fleck had been sitting in his Davenport, Iowa living room at the time, he wouldn't have made a point of it. For he is also, as all who know him agree, as composed, patient and good-natured a champion as ever came out of nowhere to win golf's greatest prize. A man had to be all those things to persist in the face of chronic failure as a contender on the winter and summer tournament circuits and be ready, confident and nerveless when the big chance came. The path that led him to San Francisco's Olympic Club began back in his home town of Davenport in 1936. The Western Open was held there that year and Jack Fleck not only had never seen a tournament before, he had never set foot on a golf course: "I struck in with some other kids, but they chased us. But I saw enough to like what I saw." At 15, Jack started to caddy, and on Mondays he was allowed to play the course with his set of cast-off clubs. Before he had learned to break 80, he had taken a job as assistant pro, a club cleaner actually, at Des Moines. Then the war came and Jack eventually found himself in the Normandy invasion. After that, he decided that nothing that happened on a golf course could hold much terror for him. Home in Davenport, he got a city appointment as pee at two municipal golf shops, eight miles apart. Into one of these shops one day walked a girl, carrying a broken club to be mended. This was Lynn, now Mrs. Jack Fleck, who keeps the broken club on the mantel of the living room. They have a son, Craig, 4½ years old. When Jack was off playing in the tournaments, Lynn minded the shops; she went to work at 5:30 on the very morning of the play-off. All that will be changed now; the big payoff is at hand. And how does the great day find Jack Fleck? This way: "I thank God for giving me the strength," he said as he received the championship trophy. "I thank my father and mother, my wife and my little boy."

**THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF SPORT**

**MOMENTOUS
RETURN FOR
OLD GRADS**

College heroes of yesterday go back to
alma mater for a reunion with sports
triumphs which brought them glory



1953 GEORGETOWN Junior Prep relay team meets behind pictures taken 50 years ago. The runners are: William H. Sitterding, Richmond, Va.; Eugene S. Hazard, Libertytown, Md.; Frederick R. Gibbs, Washington, D.C.; Mend A. Lewin, New York.

1916 PRINCETON crew makes out for row over water of Carnegie Lake. The coxswain is William McCord of Verona, N.J.,

coxswain; Robert E. Livingston of Germantown, N.Y., stroke; Edward B. Whitman of Baltimore, Md., No. 3; Arthur B. His-





1930 CORNELL crewmen proudly hold out aloft on dock during routine work which saw current Cornell crew sweep IIRA regatta for the Big Red's first win since 1900. Coxswain standing are:

William M. Vetterman, John B. Shadron, Bliss B. Clark, Peter J. McManus, Bill Schmaier, Garrett S. Parsons, Horace Schaeffer and William Scann. James B. Barlow, coxswain, kneels.

Wilson of Mountain Lakes, N.J., No. 8; Robert R. Wilson of Akron, Ohio, No. 5; Richard B. Dugan of Locust, N.J., No. 4;

Harold Gil of Chester, N.J., No. 3; Edward E. Bennison of Gladwyn, Pa., No. 2; and Russell W. Todd of Bronxville, N.Y., bow.





AL SALLE'S AL CANTELLO BEGINS THROW



HE LEAVES FEET IN JUMP FOR MOMENTUM



THEN HE TAKES LONG STEP, RAISES LEFT HAND



PHOTOGRAPHERS RECORD THURMER'S FLIGHT



CANTELLO BREAKS HIS FALL WITH HANDS



HE LANDS WELL BEHIND

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

HIGH-FLYING COLLEGIANS IN LOS ANGELES

In the gaping 106,000-seat Los Angeles Coliseum last week, the University of Southern California's track team maintained a tradition of victory more fabulous by far than that of Notre Dame's footballers or the New York Yankees. It won the NCAA meet (the intercollegiate championships of track and field) for the seventh straight time and ran its total of victories for 26 years to 29. But USC had a narrow squeak. It not only had to stand off an assault by its neighbor, the University of California at Los Angeles, which also draws on California's amazing crops of sun-tanned



RIGHT ARM IS BENT BACK BEFORE RELEASE



AS JAVELIN SALES UP HE BEGINS FOLLOW-THROUGH



EYES ON JAVELIN, HE LEAVES BRIDLE



ONE SCRATCH LINE



JAVELIN OVERSHPERS 20 INCHES FOR SECOND PLACE



CANFIELD MARKS SAME HE STOPS BEFORE LINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART ROGERS

high school athletes, but had to endure attacks from all the diversely developed college stars who have made the 1944 track season one of the greatest in history. USC, which gave the world Sprinters Charlie Paddock, Frank Wykoff and Mel Parson, did not place in either the 100 or 220—both of which were won by Northwestern's world-record claimant, Jim Goffday. The University of Oregon, seldom a contender in big meets, had the winning miler, Australian-born Jim Bailey (4:05.8), and two-mile victor, Ken Reiser (9:04.5). J. W. Mashburn of Oklahoma A&M

won the quarter in a blazing 46.6. The high hurdles went to Indiana's Milt Campbell in 18.9, the lows to Massachusetts' Charley Pratt in 23.1. USC, in fact, got only two first places—Earnie Shelton won the high jump, as expected, with 6 feet 11 1/2 inches, and Des Koch threw the discus 174 feet 7/8 inch. But USC got a fifth, a third, a fourth—and finally, while trailing UCLA in the final minutes, placed two vaulters in a four-way tie for second and won by a scant eight points. UCLA was second, Kansas third, Oregon fourth, Northwestern fifth.



HAPPY HAPPY KNOLL

It is a lovely club and—as this letter to a prospective member points out—it never, never competes. First of a series on Happy Knoll's problems

by J. P. MARQUAND

A letter from Mr. Bob Lawton, Chairman of the Emergency Membership Drive Committee of the Happy Knoll Country Club to Mr. Jeffrey P. Cutbush, a new resident in its vicinity.

Dear Jeffrey Cutbush:

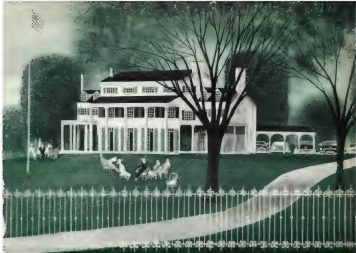
The whole "Welcoming Committee" of the Happy Knoll Country Club have asked me as their chairman to extend their thanks for our wholly delightful visit yesterday afternoon at your new home and especially for the opportunity to meet your charming family. In fact, you made us feel so at ease that I am not sure on looking back whether I made it quite plain that the Happy Knoll Welcoming Committee is only a

sort of a "gag." We are naturally Happy Knoll enthusiasts, but forget all about it, and thanks for the wonderful time. However, I am glad we got to you ahead of the Hard Hollow Club crowd, not that we aren't all the best of friends, and our annual golf meet with the Hard Hollow team is always a very happy occasion.

Seriously, Jeffrey—and one of the most warming things about our visit yesterday was that we moved so naturally into the first-name basis—everybody around here is overjoyed, not to say relieved, that you and Mrs. Cutbush have purchased the Triboro Estate. Frankly, a lot of us who love this community were deeply worried

when Arthur Triboro finally passed out of the picture. Of course, it is one of the star places in this community, but confidentially, we had been a little afraid that it might end up as a nursing home until you came along. I simply mean that the whole charming layout is pretty big for some people to swing, and it needed an imagination like yours to perceive that the kennels for the Irish wolfhounds could be made into a cozy sort of rampus room.

As I say, we only dropped in to greet the Cutbushs, but it is good news that you like golf, Jeff, and don't let me forget I want you to come to the next Saturday Golf Sweepstakes at Happy Knoll. It is swell, too, that Mrs.



BRANDENBURG INN/CLUB

Cutbatten loves bridge, and I have made a memo to see that Mrs. Cutbatten is invited to the next Ladies Bridge Lunch at Happy Knoll. It was also great, Jeff, to see your lovely daughter. Our Janie is just your Myrtle's age. The two girls must get together "tout sweet" so that Janie can tell Myrtle about the teen-age Saturday dances at Happy Knoll—good, clean fun, and with sincere oversight. As for your sons, I hardly have to tell you what alert, manly little fellows they are! I can see them in my mind's eye on the Happy Knoll courts learning tennis from our Art Beckett. Art almost won the Intercollegiate and though older now, has retained a real sympathy for children.

Well, I seem to be getting back to Happy Knoll in spite of myself, envisaging the whole Cutbatten clan as members there, but my real point in writing is to confirm my offer of yesterday regarding assistance in helping you get settled. We both know how easy it is for anyone coming to a new area to get started off on the wrong foot, and here as elsewhere, all that glitters is not gold. The Hard Hollow crowd will

surely have been to see you by the time you receive this letter. May I ask for your own sake that you won't forget your promise not to take any step in that direction without giving us Happy Knollers a chance to talk you out of it? I frankly have no ulterior motives in this regard, though naturally, Happy

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

J. P. Marquand, who here begins a whimsical series of letters from various officials of a mythical country club, is America's foremost novelist of manners and morals. His critical and popular successes include the recent *Stoverly*, *Willie Waggle* and the earlier *Melville Goodwin, U.S.A.*, *So Little Time*, *Wichford Pond* and *The Late George Apley*. Other Happy Knoll letters, dealing with such country club problems as leakage, delinquents and the younger generation, will appear in forthcoming issues.

Knoll would be proud to include in its membership anyone able to swing the Tribero place, but that is not the point. The point is that I, as your friend and neighbor, don't want to see you getting off on the wrong foot.

Confidentially, when I first came

here, a poor greenhorn from Greenwich, I was approached by the Hard Hollow crowd myself. I don't mean for a minute to be critical of Hard Hollow. They're a swell aggressive bunch and we here believe in cards face up and no throat cutting or subversion—not in this community. Still they do need new members very desperately at Hard Hollow, and I can imagine some of the exaggerated points they have made to you. One, no doubt, is the exclusiveness of Hard Hollow. Without meaning to be harsh, this theory is diametrically contrary to fact. The membership of Hard Hollow happens to be smaller than Happy Knoll's only because our community is not yet large enough to support two country clubs, and Happy Knoll is more popular but not for a single instant less selective. I might add as an ironical footnote that Hard Hollow's president, Gus Paultacy—a prince of a fellow, by the way—just happened for one reason or another not to make the grade when his name came up before the Happy Knoll admissions committee. No doubt Hard Hollow has its own standards. A great crowd, a
continued on page 54



SEATTLE'S ANNUAL SALMON DERBY BRINGS FISHERMEN HUNKERING DOWN TO THEIR OUTBOARDS FOR SEPTEMBER COMPETITION ON PUGET SOUND

FOUR MILLION KICKERS

That's how many outboard motors Americans are using today; and here's how this versatile engine has come to be used for everything from fishing to family cruising

by EZRA BOWEN

IN 1905 a Detroit inventor named Cameron Beach Waterman invented a gasoline engine that could be attached to a boat. Mr. Waterman got his motor into production, but it was a haphazard and nervous start. The best slogan he could think of was: *Don't be afraid of it.*

Today nobody is. Out of Mr. Waterman's tiny shop has grown an industry that does a gross annual business of \$130 million in the sale of engines and enters to more than 4 million owners of outboard motors. From coast to coast there are 18,000 outboard dealers, of whom at least 10,000 are adequately equipped to provide additional parts and service. In addition some 6,000 general marine supply dealers are doing a thriving business in outboard parts replacement. This year it is estimated that outboarders will spend \$68 million for fuel. Boat makers expect to sell 270,000 units—which does not include a lively business still being done in kits roughly assembled for home finishing. Total business for everybody: \$283 million and more to come.

This general state of well-being dates from the end of World War II and can be attributed to a variety of factors, the most important having no surface connection with outboard motors. First of all, there has been a tremendous increase in both purchasing



FIRST OUTBOARD produced in U.S. was one-lunger made by C. B. Waterman.

power and spare time for the lower- and middle-class American. During the thirties, both were scarce. Outboard sales averaged 100,000 or less annually over the 10-year period, and close to 80% were bought by fishermen who wanted something in the three-horse-power area that cost about \$100.

Today, with the two-day weekend and minimum wage, the head of the family has both the time and the money to get out on the water. 55% of outboard buyers are still fishermen. However, the addition of the pure leisure buyer who wants something swankier than a putt-putt to push his rowboat has not only increased volume purchasing to 450,000 but raised the average unit horsepower to 10 and the average price to \$246.

Another boost for the industry came from the man-made lakes that have barked up behind power and irrigation dams in the Midwest and West. Lakes of the Ontario, Lake Texoma, Lake Mead, to name just a few, have made boating a popular sport in regions where a bucketful of water used to

be a precious commodity. Two years ago a survey showed western states like Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Kansas buying 29% of all outboards sold in the U.S., while New England, the traditional birthplace of American boating, bought only 4.55%.

A third factor, gratefully observed by the industry but hardly caused by it, is the overcrowding of the nation's highways. People are literally being pushed off the roads and onto the water during their vacations.

Finally, and perhaps most important, the United States has ceased to be a nation of watchers and has become a nation of doers. Attendance at some spectator sports has fallen off 25% since 1947.

Beyond these vital points, the remainder of the outboard boom is directly attributable to the vast improvement of the product and to the zeal with which the product has been promoted. The biggest of the builders is Outboard Marine and Manufacturing Co., whose corporate entity embraces Evinrude, Johnson, Gale, the Outboard Motor and Marine Manufacturing Co., Ltd. of Canada and the RPM Manufacturing Company, which makes lawnmowers.

Outboard Marine makes half the motors bought in the United States. Each of its major divisions—Johnson and Evinrude—puts out engines in four different horsepower ratings. Evinrude has a 3, a 7½, a 15, and a 25. Johnson makes them in 3, 5½, 10, and 25. Gale, less publicized and lower priced, has a line that includes 3, 5, 12, and 22 hp motors.

Obviously, Outboard Marine has the field well covered. However, company officials, who are careful not to let the company become an antitrust target, say there is very little contact among the divisions. To a degree this is true, and although Johnson can hardly be described as locked in a death struggle with Evinrude, still there is a measure of lively intramural competition.

There is plenty of competition too from Mercury, Scott-Atwater and Elgin Co., the three biggest volume producers after Outboard Marine. Mercury, already well-established with a line of seven motors, last year introduced a 40-hp model which can drive an 18-foot cabin cruiser carrying six adults at 25 mph. Scott-Atwater is also going for more power, adding a brand new 30-hp unit to its line of five engines. And this is by no means the limit. There are over 50 active competitors in the field, turning out motors that range

in price and power all the way from the tiny 1.7-hp Neprune selling for \$79.50 to the 5-cylinder, 75-hp Riley that retails at \$1,195.

Picking the right motor (see chart) from this bewildering variety is largely a matter of personal taste. Still there are certain sensible limits, and a compromise must be made between economy, horsepower and safety. The average outboard buyer today wants plenty of power, and the demand for horses keeps going up. In 1950 only 39% of the engines sold rated 7 hp or more. Last year the percentage climbed to 54%; and this year one company

expects its sales of 25s to lead sales of all other models.

The demand for power, however, does not come from a nation of aquatic hot-rodgers. On the contrary, many of the people who want power want it for outboarding's most popular and genteel new phase—cruising. Back in the mid-thirties, a few pioneers tried to combine the light construction of the outboard runabout with the interior comfort of the inboard cruiser. But the rigors of controlling an engine that had only forward speeds and needed to be span completely around to simulate

continued on next page

RIGHT MOTOR FOR THE RIGHT BOAT

Picking an engine within sensible limits prevents risky over-powering of a light boat or the false economy of under-powering a cruiser

TYPE OF BOAT	LENGTH	HP	AVERAGE TOP SPEED	MILES PER GALLON	MAX. RUNNING TIME
 PROW	3-11 FT.	1.7	4	19	1 HR.
		2	7	13	2 1/2 HRS.
 SINGLE	4-14 FT.	—	—	—	—
		2	7	16	2 1/2 HRS.
 SEMI-CABIN	11-16 FT.	5 1/2	10	15	3 HRS.
		7 1/2	12	14	3 1/2 HRS.
 CABIN	16-24 FT.	2	8	12	2 HRS.
		3	9	10	2 1/2 HRS.
		7	12	12	3 HRS.
 FAST UTILITY	12-18 FT.	10	18	8	2 1/2 HRS.
		15	25	11	2 1/2 HRS.
		25	30	9	2 1/2 HRS.
 RUNABOUT	10-16 FT.	15	20	11	3 HRS.
		25	25	9	3 1/2 HRS.
		40	35	7	3 1/2 HRS.
 HYDROPLANE	8-12 FT.	30	30	11	1 HR.
		35	35	10	2 1/2 HRS.
		45	45	12	2 1/2 HRS.
 CRUISER	17-25 FT.	31	30	8	2 1/2 HRS.
		35	35	8 1/2	2 1/2 HRS.
		45	35	7	2 1/2 HRS.

HIDDEN SHAPES OF RACING HULLS

Design of underside of an outboard racer's hull is key to speed, stability



THREE-POINT HYDRO



SINGLE-STEP HYDRO



RUNABOUT

Racers pick their hydroplane hulls according to shape of course they will run. At racing speed three-point hydro touches water only with propeller and pontoons at side of hull, gives fast ride on straightaway but is relatively unstable in choppy water and tends to skid on turns. Single-step hydro rises an after part of step in hull, offers more drag at high speeds but allows tighter maneuvering on turns by biting deeper into water.

Racing runabout is shaped-up version of conventional glass-reinforced hull and same stabilizing fin as single-step hydro. At slow speeds runabout behaves like any displacement boat; but as driver pours on power runabout rises out of water, planes on rear 1/3 of bottom at speeds up to 60 kph.

OUTBOARDS

continued from page 21

reverse kept the cruiser at an experimental level for more than 15 years. All this changed in 1948 when Johnson introduced the first reverse gearshift, enabling the outboard skipper to start, stop and back up his boat from remote controls inside a real cruiser cabin.

At that time, gearshifts were available only in engines of 10 hp and below, and there was one lone boat manufacturer offering a cruiser that measured 18 feet. In 1950 gearshifts were added to the 25s. The boat makers caught on, too. They performed minor miracles with plastics, aluminum and molded plywood to provide hulls big enough for comfort but light enough to be pushed by an outboard. By 1959 five manufacturers were offering seven models in the 18-foot category. Today, there are more than 75 types of finished cruisers on the market, and at least 39 more available in kit form for the owner to assemble and complete himself. Meanwhile the number of cruising customers for motors has zoomed from practically zero to a healthy 100,000 a year.

Along with the gearshift came a slew of other inventions that made high horsepower engines manageable. On the old motors the gas tank sat directly on top of the power plant. Today's larger motors can be bought with a detached tank so that the poundage once taken up by gasoline can now be devoted to horsepower. The electric starter now on the 25s has eliminated one of the classic outboard horrors, i.e.

the winding, pulling and rewinding of infinitum that used to precede a day on the lake. And in 1933 Scott-Atwater introduced an automatic heat baffle.

But the greatest blessing ever to descend upon the world of the outboard is silence. For years the common motor was a noisy little creature that rattled your teeth, wiped out all conversation and shattered the repose of nearby cottage owners. The manufacturers tried everything. They muffled the exhaust outlet under water. They added an exhaust chamber. They baffled the

sucking noise from the carburetor air intake. They put cowlings over the engine. In spite of these efforts, by 1933 the question of noise had become so serious that no less than 14 states had passed laws calling for various kinds of muffling regulations. Even more dangerous to business, however, were the carte blanche permissions granted to local communities to impose arbitrary horsepower, speed and curfew laws.

Two years ago design engineers found the answer. The boat, by acting as a sounding board, was amplifying



SPEED BARRIER at 100 kph was broken last first time by outboarder when

Maurizio Prick pushed modified chis-hydro in 1962-63 in Italian championships.

the noise of the engine. So they separated the engine from the boat. Scott-Atwater did it first with a rubber pad to help reduce vibrations. Outboard Marine did it better by floating the power-head on a set of suspension springs, and at last the public had a relatively quiet motor. A passenger sitting amidships in a boat driven by one of these new motors can hear the slap of the bow wave. A glass set down on a seat will not walk away because of vibration. A 25-hp job going wide open can barely be heard 100 feet away.

The retail reception to the silent motors was even greater than Outboard Marine had anticipated. Last season only two of their engines, the Evinrude 7½ and the Johnson 10, were silent. Supply fell far short of demand. This year every motor but the 3s has silencing suspensions—either springs or soft rubber mountings. William Scott, executive vice-president of Outboard Marine, is positively ecstatic about the new engine: "We believe that silent motors are the salvation of the industry." Other manufacturers believe it too, and silent motors are now being produced by many of the leading companies.

Saved or not, the manufacturers are still uneasy about arbitrary anti-outboard legislation, and Scott was quick to put his finger on the remaining enemy—"cowboy driving." In this sensitive area, the industry is making an honest effort at self-policing. Many boat makers this year are attaching brass plates that list the maximum horsepower and maximum weight that should be allowed on each boat. Even more effective may be the efforts of the Outboard Boating Club of America, an obliging organization which, in addition to acting as a public relations outlet for the outboard industry, provides low-rate insurance for boats and motors, helps organize local clubs, lobbies for improvements on waterways and last fall offered a model bill to all state legislatures making "reckless driving" a punishable offense.

The controlled legislation drawn up by the OBC sits particularly well with the outboard makers, for while they like to sell high-speed, high-priced motors, their major markets are fishermen and families. Hunters, a low-horsepower group, make up another 9.7% of the nation's buyers. Water skiers account for another 3.6%. But the people who really want to go fast—the racers—comprise less than 1% of the entire market.

In fact, the fastest racers buy no



FAMILY CRUISING The fast, trouble-free, and in many cases, equipped for

overnight jaunts, the Johnson-Outboard Vauxton provides for over a million Americans.

motors at all. They use makeshift versions of engines that went out of production as much as 30 years ago. A few use specially hand-tooled models. For example, the four-cycle, 160-hp engine which Massimo Lero di Frinco (opposite page) of Italy used last month to break the 100-mile-an-hour barrier would hardly be a big seller on the retail market. Neither would the powerful alcohol burners used by the professionals in the Racing and Service classes of the American Power Boat Association and the National Outboard Association.

This is not to say that the racers are an odd or outcasted minority. The APBA and NOA, which together control all the major races in the United States, controlled 5,000 drivers between them last year. Of those, 3,678 competed in the Stock or Modified Stock classes in which all engines must be models currently on dealer's shelves. NOA, centered in the South, last year sponsored 143 regattas, including a world title event at Knoxville. The APBA held 319 regattas from coast to coast, with national championships for the pros at Pasco, Wash. and another for the stock drivers at De Pere, Wis. Unfortunately the two associations have engaged, for the past four years, in a series of jurisdictional squabbles (SE, Nov. 29) and have never quite gotten together on specifications for their complex systems of engine and hull classification.

Not all the Four Million are sportsmen or racers. Some 600,000 of these practical engines are used for police work, commercial fishing, life saving, flood salvage, troop carrying and reconnaissance, game control, geodetic survey, cargo lighting, powering work boats and mail delivery.

Moreover, outboarding has almost ceased to be a seasonal business, due in part to heavy buying in the South where 100,000 motors will be sold this year and where there are 10 to 12 months of boating every year. In colder climates the outboard publicity people are doing their best to get Americans out on the water earlier in the season and keep them there later. As usual, they have succeeded. In the lake country of Wisconsin and Minnesota, the hux of outboards can be heard almost until ice is, and in Seattle, warmly wrapped fishermen cluster down to the docks for the annual Milk Pond Salmon Derby (see ref.). The big mid-winter boat shows in New York, Chicago and San Francisco help to keep the outboard hot even when the weather is too cold for cruising. In brief, business is booming, and barring a national disaster it will continue to boom because the industry has the three ingredients it needs for a bull market: people, water and money. Stir with a good outboard and you get a happy mixture of sales for the manufacturer and pleasure for the Four Million. (C&E)

THE FIRST

The bitter disappointment of the 1952 Olympic Games in Helsinki;
revised training methods; the legendary barrier is broken; John
Landy and the Mile of the Century at Vancouver's Empire Games

by **ROGER BANNISTER**

IN THE WINTER of 1951-52 I started on my Olympic plan. Because of the tremendous nervous strain I suffered during races, I believed that excessive competition was essentially harmful to someone of my temperament. So I did not run in any cross-country races during the winter. I decided not to start running on the track until February, and did most of my training near my home round the grass cricket field of Harrow School.

I was building myself up for one supreme explosive effort on July 26, 1952 in the final at Helsinki. I had intended that the AAA Championships of 1951 should be my last fiercely competitive mile until Helsinki. I decided that I would not defend my AAA Mile title in the summer of 1952, but I would run in the half-mile instead. This would take away none of my freshness or strength, and would give me sharper tactical experience. There was much surprised comment, but I did not allow it to disturb me.

I did not expect people to understand my scheme of training. I only hoped that they would be patient with me and trust that I was doing my best to prepare for the Olympic race. But everyone seemed to know better than I how I should train. I had no coach or adviser, and hence no alibi if things went wrong. I had to carry the full weight of decisions myself. I now regretted that by running so fast the previous year I had added fuel to the fire.

Ten days before the Helsinki final I ran my last time trial at Moseley Park. Chataway led for the first lap and a half, and I completed a three-quarter-mile in 2 minutes 52.9 seconds. The time was unbelievable, with each lap faster than the previous one—58.5, 57.5 and 56.9 seconds. I had never run at such speed before and I ran this as equal to, if not better than, a four-minute mile. I felt joyously full of the running that I had restrained for so long.

The Olympic distance of 1,500 meters, which suits me better than a mile, is only 320 yards longer than a three-quarter-mile. I felt now that in a final race, with a day's rest after the heat, I could beat even the world record. This should be fast enough to win at Helsinki. I banded those who had seen the trial to secrecy, because it was only valuable as a boost for my own state of mind. I felt very happy.

Next morning I opened my paper and saw the headlines, "Semifinals for the Olympic 1,500 meters." There were to be races on three consecutive days, heats, semifinals and then the final.

I could hardly believe it. In just the length of time it took to read those few words the bottom had fallen out of my hopes. There had never been semifinals before. Just when I had become certain that my training method was right, this change in the Olympic program made nonsense of it, and denied me all chance of vindicating my ideas. This was the frame of mind in

which I traveled to Helsinki with Chataway, after the main party and five days before my first heat.

The night before the Olympic final was one of the most unpleasant I have ever spent. I had finished fifth in my semifinal the day before, winded and unhappy, while Luxembourg's little Joseph Barthel romped home in 3 minutes 50.4 seconds. My legs ached and I was unable to sleep. I felt I hated running.

On Saturday, the day of the final, I was the only representative of Great Britain left. The finalists included two Germans, Laegard and Lamers; two Americans, McMillen and Desautels; two Swedes, Aberg and Ericson; Johansson of Finland; El Mahrouk of France; Boyesen of Norway; MacMillan of Australia and Barthel of Luxembourg.

I hardly had the strength to warm up. As I walked out in front of those 70,000 spectators, my step had no spring, my face no color. The ruthless fighting of the semifinal, the worry and lack of sleep had exhausted me. There had been too little time between the races to regain my strength. As I stood at the start I felt a loyalty to all sports' lovers waiting at home. Everyone wished me well, but they could not help me here.

The world was expecting the supremacy of one of these 12 runners to be revealed by a stroke of genius. We stood there, 12 anxious men waiting for the gun. Twelve is far too many for a 1,500-meters race of this class. We pushed and struggled along, continually changing position. I ran more sensibly than in the semifinal. I was content to keep to the inside—because I was too tired to struggle. Lamers of Germany led for the first and second laps. Then Laeg, also of Germany, went into the lead. At the bell on the third lap we were five abreast, waiting for someone to try to break away. Barthel came up alongside.

Only a minute more and it would be all over. On the back straight I forced



DOCTOR AND WIFE, the former Mona Jacobson, a Swedish artist, pose in Switzerland after marriage three weeks ago.

FOUR MINUTES



THE GREAT EVENT: CHATAWAY (LEFT), BARTHEL AND CHASER (SECOND FROM RIGHT), AT THE START OF THE FIRST FOUR-MINUTE MILE

myself to move up to Lug's shoulder. I lay second before the last bend, perfectly poised for my finishing effort.

This was the crucial moment for which I had waited so long. But my legs were aching, and I had no strength left to force them faster. I had a sickening feeling of exhaustion and powerlessness as Bartel came past me, chased by McMillen (U.S.A.). They both caught and passed Lug who was also slowing down. The race was won by inches in 8 minutes 48.2 seconds by Bartel—the tough little athlete from a country with a population no greater than an English town.

I came fourth, and a few yards covered the first six. The first sight of us had broken the previous Olympic record. As I crossed the line I grabbed at Lug to prevent myself from sprawling as the track. I had never known such exhaustion, but I was very happy that the ordeal was over.

The Helsinki Olympic Games were a turning point in my life in more ways than one. Until then I had on the whole been successful in all the races that mattered to me. Now I realized how much luck there is in sport. No amount of planning and foresight by the athlete can safeguard against organizational

changes. I had taken myself and my one goal too seriously. My gamble on one event had been too great—was it possible for me to justify the faith that others placed in me?

In December, 1932 John Landy of Australia, who had been knocked out in my heat at the Olympic Games, started the world by running a mile in 4 minutes 2.1 seconds. This was the fastest mile in the world for seven years and he followed it up with another in 4 minutes 2.8 seconds. Landy made no secret of the fact that the

continued on page 62





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THIS is an actual, unretouched picture of the new DOT[®] with the DURA-THIN[®] cover taken right as it came from hard-hitting Jimmy Thomson's roundabout hole-in-one, straight-as-an-arrow shot in the bag.

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SPALDING
SETS THE PACE IN GOLF



RELAXING IN HIS HOTEL SUITE, UNCLELESS AND SHIRTLESS PROMOTER BLAISE D'ANTONI SAYS: "I'M A CULTURED MAN WHEN I'M DRESSED."

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER D'ARON

CONVERSATION PIECE:

SUBJECT: BLAISE D'ANTONI

A New Orleans businessman turned promoter comes to New York to see a fight and meet some big shots—Frank Costello, Jim Norris and Frank Carbo

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Three months ago a millionaire businessman named Blaise D'Antoni organized Louisiana Boring Enterprises, Inc. to stage prizefights in New Orleans. Its mid-May LBE's first promotion, a match between lightweight Ralph Dupas and Frankie Ryff, drew \$18,000, biggest New Orleans gate since Jim Corbett fought John L. Sullivan there in 1893. Last week D'Antoni, former president of the Standard Fruit and Steamship Company (a banana-importing firm founded by his grandfather, Joseph Vancaro, with assets above \$25 million in 1953) and now head of a banking investment house, came to Manhattan to spend some money, see the Moore-Glass fight, and meet the men who run bigtime boxing—notably, Jim Norris and Frank Carbo. *SI* Staff Writer Robert Boyle and Reporter Gil Rogin found D'Antoni relaxing in one of his two suites at the Waldorf-Astoria.

CALL me Blaise or Don—everybody does," said Blaise D'Antoni, a short, lefty man with tousled hair on back his head and his chest. "What are you drinking? I got anything. You want champagne? Have the best. I don't drink. A little sherry makes my head go round." D'Antoni, who was wearing only trousers and black silk socks, flung himself on a couch. Staring happily at the ceiling, he said:

"I'm promoting in New Orleans

now. I love boxing. We got Maxim Pastrano set for June 25. That fight should do \$117,000. It's \$25 for ringside. We just built a \$25,000 gym—it's the only air-conditioned gym in the world—and a \$40,000 cocktail lounge right next to that. I just paid \$2,500 for three murals to put in the bar. One picture is the Dempsey-Tunney leg count, another of Marriano beating Louis—I was at that fight—and then a picture portrait of me. All in oil.

"In three months," D'Antoni went on, "we're gonna break ground for a \$5 million sports center that will seat 20,000. We're also gonna build a movable seat thing for outdoor fights. We're working on a Marciano title fight that should do \$360,000. Spoke to Norris today. He called me Blaise."

"What about that contested split decision in the Dupas-Ryff fight?" one of his visitors interjected.

"Hell," exclaimed D'Antoni, sitting up with a start, "you got Ryff up here and if he says he won I'll give you a hundred dollar bill. A hundred dollar bill. Money's nothing to me. I love boxing. Just this morning I bought my little girl 18 leopards."

A bellboy entered the suite. "Where the hell you been?" D'Antoni asked, leaping off the couch. "I told ya to stay around and answer the door." The bellboy whispered something in his ear. D'Antoni reached into his pocket for a roll of bills. "Here's a five for your trouble," he said, and, with

MONEY TALKS . . .



D'ANTONI SPEAKING: "What's money? Money is nothing. All you need to do is tip people nice. . . . I'm in my office reclining in a chair on a foam rubber mat with two lawyers at my elbow. They start talking about millions. I'm pretending I'm sleeping. Soon

as they make a mistake, though, I'm up. . . . In boxing, let us [the LEE] handle the South and Midwest. Hies [Narrio] the East. No joint deals. . . . I like high-class people. I met Al Wall; high class. Willie Keirbaum; high class. [Jack] Keenan; high class."

that, leapt back to the couch, collapsed on his back and resumed his monologue.

"I boxed nine years," he said challengingly. "It was a hobby. I boxed nine or 10 champions. I had the pleasure of knocking the famous Greb on his ear. He was training for a fight in New Orleans. That was in my gym next to my swimming pool. It was the only salt-water pool in the South. It cost me \$100,000, but what's money? I fought Greb with a right. I got Jack Dempsey to back me up. I also got two witnesses in New Orleans to back me up. I hit him right here. I gave him a tough time. Greb fought a draw in his fight, and when it was over, he said he had had it all taken out of him in the gym."

A little girl of about 11, wearing pajamas, strolled into the room. "G'wan, play with your leopards," D'Antoni bellowed. The little girl scampered off. "My daughter," D'Antoni said with obvious affection. A young man came in carrying a paper bag. He opened it and white collars and gold cuff links spilled on a table. "They're gold filled," the young man volunteered nervously. "That's okay," D'Antoni replied, disengaging a bill. "I'm just going to the Copa tonight. They'll be okay." The young man left.

He leapt off the couch again, barked, "Let's go down to my other suite," and left the room to clothe himself. He was back in an instant, his chest now covered by a gaudy sports shirt but his feet still innocent of shoes. "Come here," he said, bounding out of the room. "I want you to meet my wife," Mrs. D'Antoni, a rounded brunette clad in a negligee, was standing in the foyer. "Honey," D'Antoni said, "my bells to the boys." Honey did. "See that," he said, pointing to a heart-shaped parplish gem pinned to Mrs. D'Antoni's bosom. "I gave her that

purple heart for being married to me 16 years." Mrs. D'Antoni smiled shyly. "Honey, get that bracelet I got you," D'Antoni ordered. She disappeared into the bedroom and returned with a diamond bracelet that appeared to be almost the length of the Missouri's anchor chain. "Thirty thousand bucks. That's what I paid," D'Antoni said, taking the bracelet and passing it around to the visitors. "Feel that. Look at these diamonds. That thing is worth \$50,000. I got it insured for that. But I only paid \$30,000. I got it this morning." With that he wheeled out the door of the suite, his two visitors trailing in his wake. "Nice to have met you, boys," Mrs. D'Antoni called softly from behind the door.

YOU CAN DO ANYTHING

D'Antoni padded down the hall to the elevator. "I'm gonna go to the Copa tonight in slippers," he said, like a man who had made up his mind, "and when I get there, I'm gonna kick 'em off and walk around in my stocking feet. When you got money, you can do anything." On the way down to his fifth-floor suite, D'Antoni announced, "I got two suites in this hotel. What's money? I'm modest. But I like to live right. I love the poor."

Inside the suite, D'Antoni was asked another question: What about the appointment of Bonnie Geigerman, a brother-in-law of Racketeer Frank Costello, to his Louisiana Boxing Enterprises payroll?

"A great guy, Frank Costello," said D'Antoni, with fervor. "I'm a personal friend. What's that? Did I say I was Frank Costello's friend? I would say a very dear personal friend. They're perverting Costello. What the hell does Costello want with narcotics when he's got 99 other legitimate rackets?"

D'Antoni sat down and lit a cigarette. "When Costello was called before

Kefauver," he continued, "I rented TV time at 11 o'clock in the morning—cost me \$5,000—and told my audience everything Kefauver said about Costello was an absolute lie. Costello didn't have the chance to defend himself. Costello gives away money. If I thought he handled dope or wasted up with the Mafia, I'd spit on him. Suppose, just suppose, he's a gambler. If he's underworld, then everyone who gambles with him is underworld. Kefauver just wanted to be president. I made five bets of \$1,000 apiece that Kefauver wouldn't even be nominated. And I won 'em. I donated the money to charity. I love the poor. I'm always doing things for 'em. I'm always buyin' bars for the poor bars who are down and out."

Did D'Antoni know Frankie Carbo as well as Frank Costello?

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D'ANTONI DISPLAYS \$250 jacket: "My weakness isn't women—it's coats."

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"I expect to meet Mr. Carbo in New York," D'Antoni replied. "I never met him, but I would say indications are that I'm going to like Mr. Carbo. He sounds on the order of my friend Frank Costello. Carbo sounds like a real guy—he sounds like me. Norris says he drinks coffee with Carbo. I'll let Carbo drink what he wants—I'll drink Mountain Valley water. If you want a picture of me and Frank Carbo, I'll put my arm around him for you. Some guys are scared. Me, I ain't scared of nothin'. Put down Poland water if you can't spell Mountain Valley. Mountain: m-o-u-n-t-a-i-n. Got 20 bottles in my room."

D'Antoni stopped for breath, then suddenly lifted his shirt and slammed himself in the belly with a clenched fist. "It's real hard," he said proudly. "Pretty good for a 54-year-old. Fifty-four—how do you like that?" He blinked under the impact of his own blow. "I'll give you \$100 if you can pull my head down," he said, strutting about the suite with his head thrown back and his chest out. "I've got real hard neck muscles." One of his visitors looked his hands behind D'Antoni's head.

"Go when I say, 'go,'" said D'Antoni. "Go!"

D'Antoni steered himself, and the visitor rocked back and forth for leverage. In a minute, the visitor gave up. D'Antoni granted with pleasure. "One hundred bucks," he yelled, "to any guy who can pull my head down." The second visitor also tried but panted and strained without success. D'Antoni's head was anchored as firmly as the Rock of Gibraltar. D'Antoni danced away, still full of fight, still frisky, his neck still straight, his spirit still unbowed. "A longshoreman down in New Orleans tried it on the docks. He was a big guy. I was spinning around all over the place, but he couldn't budge my head."

D'Antoni resumed his chair, not at all winded by his muscular display, and directed his thoughts first to money and the good life. He estimated his present fortune at \$10 million—"made it with hard work, sweat and the stock market." In addition to boating, he has an interest in yachting, as evidenced by two yachts and a \$40,000 beachhouse. "That beachhouse," said Mr. D'Antoni with nostalgia, "is prettier than any room in this place. That's where all our intimate parties are held, and we don't have one band, we got two. If I want a little music at two in the morning,

I just pick up a phone and tell 'em to come on over. I got the best Disneyland in the world."

The phone rang and D'Antoni left the room to take the call. He bounced back in a minute, a satisfied smile on his face. "It must be 5 o'clock," he announced, exhibiting a watchless wrist. "That was New Orleans. They got orders to call me every hour. Right now I also got calls waiting for me from Seattle, San Francisco, St. Louis and Washington." He beamed. "Down in New Orleans, I got five phones and two teletypes in my office. They're all going together! It's wonderful! Everybody knows me. We just had our wedding anniversary. We got 500 telegrams. Five hundred. And flowers. When Roosevelt died he didn't have as many flowers."

"The other night I came off my yacht and my feet were hurting. I was wearing a \$40 pair of slippers, but I pulled 'em off at the end of the gang plank and gave 'em to a footman. Then I went to bed. I've got \$51,000 in the

a guest got bit by a mosquito when I had a party outdoors. That was in *Fortune*, page 62. [October 1953, page 60] I was born near the French Market, where all the great fighters come from, like Pete Herman. I only went to the fifth grade. I built Loyola Stadium for a half million dollars in 1933. But what's money? At the LBE, we're gonna put on two boxin' shows a month from here on in. And no pushovers. We love competition. Before we came in, boxin' was dead in New Orleans. The more boxin' the better. C'mon down to New Orleans. As my guests.

"Boxin' is great in New Orleans. At my first fight, they boosed. But I climbed into the ring and offered any bum a thousand bucks to come on down. No one did. Let 'em boo. I'm havin' a party next Tuesday. If you don't have invitations, consider this as them. Everybody will be there. I guess it'll cost me \$5,000 at least. But what's money? You gotta have a good time. Don't bother to ask where the party will be in the hotel—the hotel will know.



ATTACK AND DEFENSE are demonstrated by D'Antoni as he left hooks St. Bayle (left), thwarts St. Bayle's (right) after offering him \$200 prize "If you can bend my neck."

LBE, and there are 49 others with a thousand apiece. I'll put up another \$100,000 if they need it. Our combined wealth must be \$300 million at least. We love competition. I love the poor. All you gotta do is have money and be nice to people. One thing is that I like to be frank. You'll find me rednecks. I got guts. I'll say what I think. I got 19 ragside tickets to the Olsen-Moore fight. You want two—take two. Money is nothin' to me. Some guys just don't like to spend it. But I say, 'spend it.' What else is it for?

"Another thing you gotta get in. I built my air-conditioned pool because

I'm gonna have Eddie Condon's band and Wild Bill Hickok's [sic]. The only one had anything like it was the King of Spain.

"I'm gonna wear my \$250 cashmere jacket, my \$100 blue cashmere pants and my new \$85 shoes. Eighty-five dollar shoes. And my \$350 cashmere jacket. And those \$100 pants, they're blue. Bring a photographer. Bring anyone you want. And don't forget to come down to New Orleans, champs. And after I treat you all right—four motorcycle escorts, not one—you'll stand back and say, 'Jeez, he wasn't exaggeratin'.'"
(KWB)

FISHING

A MICHIGAN PSYCHOLOGIST
FINDS SHOCK TREATMENTS
TEACH HATCHERY TROUT
TO BECOME SMARTER FISH

by BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

WITH trout seasons getting under way over much of the country, an annual complaint is being heard—the fish are too hard to catch. Actually, this is the perennial cry of the novice, for no fish is more glib than a freshly stocked trout. It will come as a cruel shock to the fableless to learn, therefore, that a move is on to make newly planted trout smarter.

For years most states have stocked their streams with trout of legal size but unavoidably lacking in the instinctive wariness of their wild brethren. Such fish seldom survive the season to spawn again and bolster the ever-dwindling supply of native trout. Now a man in Michigan is out to change this situation.

Knowing that his state was spending a whopping \$400,000 a year to dump more than a million naive trout in its streams (far too many of which would go to herons, mink and other natural predators), Joe Bingham, a clinical psychologist, persuaded the Michigan Department of Conservation to finance a unique experiment: the education of hatchery trout to fear man and nature's enemies.

A wild trout, he reasoned, knows how to take care of itself. It learns

continued on next page



ELECTRIC HERON placed in hatchery pool dash-out shoals automatically to trout that come near so they'll shun real birds.



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FISHING

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in the school of hard knocks and close calls. Suppose hatcheries were turned into places where life for trout was real and earnest, and caution—not a wild dash for the feed bucket—the goal? The result should be suspicious, skittish trout that would be a better sporting proposition for the angler. And those not fooled by the fisherman's lures might well live to spawn another day in secluded feeder wilderness streams.

TROUT CAME LIKE CHICKENS

With Assistant Harvey Adelman, who was to work with him, Joe Bingham began studying his innocent charges. He noted that when hatchery workers approached the ponds with feed pails the trout came like flocks of chickens. If he stood on a bank and tossed sticks or pebbles to them, they'd rise to strike before the debris hit the water and would seize the stuff without appraising it.

In one pond a hatchery workman reported seeing a mink sneak in looking for a meal of plump trout. Instead of showing fear, the trout rushed naively en masse at the mink, looking for a handout.

Bingham deduced that the first thing these fish must be taught was to feed deep. If they could be made shy of the surface, he reasoned, they'd not be easily spotted or caught by predators, nor would they be so quick to seize a fly.

HOW TROUT WERE EDUCATED

"Classes" were launched through long feeding tubes which thrust down to the bottom of the ponds. Daily the trout were schooled in taking their livelihood from the bottom. Never did a trout have an opportunity to associate the food it ate with man. Whenever an individual fish decided to come up to the surface for a look around it was given a sharp reminder, in the form of an electric shock automatically passed out by a special device rigged for the purpose, that this was no place for a trout with longevity in mind to be showing itself.

To make sure a schooled trout would know good from evil, Bingham and his boys devised enemies such as blue herons in lifelike replica, wiring the legs to pass a jolt through any trout which came near. Movement of anything inimical (except, of course, small food items like insects, and shadows and sounds of splashing or footsteps) was accompanied by the shock treat-



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TIP FROM THE TOP



For all players but
chiefly weekend golfers

from JOHN BATTINI, pro at the Olympic Country Club, San Francisco

It is extremely important for any club member to consider and plan each round before he begins it, so that he is psychologically equipped to play the complete 18 holes to the best of his ability. This statement, I know, calls for some elaboration. Most golfers, I've found, do not realize that their game has fallen into certain patterns—unless they later re-examine their scorecards. Some invariably play better on the back nine than the front, not because they're swinging better but because they've given themselves a fight talk. Many others play well on the front nine and maintain a mental grip on their game through the 10th hole. From the 11th to the 17th they tire or grow distracted and ruin their score. Then on the 18th they concentrate again for a good finish. Some golfers relax into carelessness when they win a few holes. Others tighten badly when they lose a few. And so on.

No golfer can control all his actions and reactions, but a little self-examination will certainly help most players to recognize their idiosyncrasies. Then, before setting out, they can prepare themselves better for playing each round, retaining their purpose and poise in the face of the ups and downs that are always part of golf.



John Battini has this advice for golfers: Plan each round before you tee off.

NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: BUDNER HERPEL ON CHIPPING ACCURACY

KEEP IN THE PINK

R

FOOT AND LEG MASSAGE

Mankind's most constant complaint, next to an aching back, is that of tired feet. The Greeks had a word for it (*kousis rose podas*); and they also had a remedy, a form of massage to ease the pain. Today this type of massage is known as friction. Friction is a circular form of kneading in which the skin around small joints is slowly rolled over the underlying tissue by either the tips of the fingers or the thumb to produce soothing relief.

Friction, like most massage, aims at repairing the results of overexertion after the damage is done. To prepare a muscle *beforehand* for action, there is one form of massage (often misused) called *tapotement*. With *tapotement*, you slap or back or beat a muscle, particularly large ones like those of the thigh, calf or arm, with the fingers or fist. The purpose is to stimulate the muscle, not to soothe it. And it is important to note that if you should try pounding a stiff or sore muscle, it will only make the pain all the worse.

One more general precaution regarding all forms of massage should also be remembered. While rubbing alleviates the common run of muscular malaise, it should never be applied directly on a wart or other skin growth, over a cut or inflammation or during a fever or infection. Otherwise, massage is a muscle's best friend.

FOOT FRICTION



Clasping the foot with both hands, move the thumbs in dry circles around each joint of each toe for one half minute. The skin under the thumbs should roll over the underlying tissue. Then, with the same thumb action, progress from the toes up the foot to the ankle. Always work around the joints or bony prominences, never over them. This massage is done slowly with moderate pressure for 10 minutes.

LEG TAPOTEMENT



With the hands and wrists relaxed, the fingers spread about a half inch apart, rapidly back the leg muscle with the edge of the little finger, letting the other three fingers meet the little one. The motion of the hands should come entirely from the wrists, and only about as much force is needed as if you were playing the piano. Move quickly back and forth over the muscle. Continue the massage for five to seven minutes.

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BASEBALL

by ROY TERRELL

NO LONGER A TEAM TO BE IGNORED,
THE WHITE SOX LOOM LARGE IN THE
AMERICAN LEAGUE RACE WITH SPEED,
DEFENSE AND SOME GREAT PITCHING

JUNE, a tradition-packed month for brides and school children and target fishermen, is also the time of year when the Chicago White Sox make their annual pilgrimage toward the top of the American League. This year, as in other seasons since 1961 when Trader Frank Lane's revitalization of the sagging Sox began to bear fruit, the Chicago American League team (any similarity with the Cubs in strictly tragic) has again made its big move right on schedule—but with one important difference: never before have they convinced anyone they might remain up there.

In pre-season prognoses, the 1983 American League race was evaluated as a three-team battle between the Indians, Yankees and White Sox. No one, however, really believed it—they were just being nice. For this attitude the White Sox had no one to blame but themselves. Through the years they have developed a disconcerting habit of suddenly folding in the middle of the hot summer months and sinking back to a point where they no longer harass the leaders. Manager Marty Marini admits this might happen again but neither he nor his ballplayers really think it will. Neither, for that matter, do the Yankees or Indians, who have suddenly discovered they have someone else to worry about besides themselves.

What's more, all this has come about without Minnie Minoso, the only real power hitter in the White Sox lineup. Last year this young man almost singlehandedly carried the club to 94 victories and a third-place finish. This year he was lost to the team for weeks after being beamed by Bob Grim of the Yankees in mid-May. Back in the lineup at last, he has yet to begin clabbing the ball at his usual pace. But in the meantime, with or without Minoso, the team continues to win. The explanation: speed, a great defense, good catching and the best pitching staff in the league.

It is almost impossible to say too much about the Chicago pitching. It was expected to be good but has turned out to be superlative. The big four of Billy Pierce, Virgil Trucks, Dick Donovan and Jack Harshman, backed up

by the brilliant relief work of Sandy Consuegra, has hung up 10 shutouts and kept a sometimes-vicious pack of American League hitters at bay while their own less potent teammates picked up the one or two or three runs necessary to win. The return to form of Pierce has been rewarding enough, but Donovan's performance has been even better. Rushed into the breach when Bob Keegan (16-5 last year) developed a bone spur on his heel and became virtually useless to the team, the big 37-year-old rookie has piled up an 8-2 record. His slider, developed under the sharp eye of ex-Dodger star Whitlow Wyatt, has become one of the most effective pitches in baseball.

For pitching to be most effective, however, there must be fielders behind it who can catch the ball, and the White Sox outfield of Minoso, the recently acquired speedster Jim Busby and Jim Rivera moves the lean, pleasant Marini to superlatives. "Nothing," he says, "is going to drop in with those guys out there."

The infield is good, too, but it contains problems, some of which concern scrappy little Nelbe Fox at second or flashy Chico Carrasquel at short. One is at first base, where Walt Droge, an able fielder despite his bulk, has been notably unable to regain the heroic

form at the plate he once displayed with Boston. At third, the veteran George Kell is a problem only when out of the lineup. "He gets a little tired sometimes," Marini says of the one-time American League batting champion, "and I tried to give him a rest down at Baltimore last week. But I had to get him back in there. Without his bat, we can't win."

Most of the early-season stickwork, however, has been performed, strangely enough, by a usually light-hitting catcher named Sherm Lollar. Last year he hit only .244. This year, faced with the pleasant prospect of playing every day, Lollar has been around .300 all season. Of his handling of pitchers, Baltimore's Paul Richards says: "It's like having a manager behind the plate."

It is a good ball club and Marini is fast convincing the doubters he is a good manager as well. Once considered too easygoing and dismissed for that reason from the Cardinals in 1961, Marty now runs a driving, spirited team which fights for every run.

THE BEST OF IT

The American League race is a curious mixture of check and balance, strength and weakness. In this, Marty likes the White Sox position best even after his team's missed opportunity in New York last week. Making no false claims of power, his team has everything else on its side. The Indians have tremendous power and great pitching—but so speed and little defense. The Yankees, last ahead and with strong hitting, are hurting for pitchers. "Personally," says Marini, "this is the kind of team I like to manage." **END**



"I'm in a hurry."

INSIDE BASEBALL

by PAUL RICHARDS

THE AUTHOR OF 'MODERN BASEBALL
STRATEGY' BEGINS A DISCUSSION OF
THE PATHS THAT LEAD TO GLORY—
AND SOMETIMES TO SUDDEN DEFEAT

PART V: BASE-RUNNING STRATEGY

THE number one objective of any base runner, of course, must be to score.

Let's consider initially the runner on first base. The score of the game and the outs in the inning dictate to a certain extent just how much lead the man on first should take and how much caution he must exercise.

The runner on first base must always try to get a good break on a ground ball and reach second in time to break up a double play. Hitting the pivot man on a double play usually is accomplished by a hard slide in which the knee bends at a 45° angle. If the slide action comes in time, the runner will prevent the pivot man from completing the throw to first.

Individual styles of opposing infielders must be studied in order to become an expert at this type of play. One second baseman, for example, may prefer to take a throw in full stride and continue on across the base while in the act of throwing. Another may step on the base, step back, and then throw. A third may place his right foot on the base and step directly toward first base. Shortstops vary less in their position near the base when attempting to complete a double play.

FIRST TO THIRD

A vital play concerns going from first to third. The base runner should always know the exact position of the opposing outfielders, and the ability of each outfielder to get the ball to third base. This involves a knowledge of which fielders are slow or fast in charging the ball, as well as which ones have weak arms and strong arms.

The one-out situation is the occasion for the big gamble on reaching third from first. Not only can the runner score from third on a long fly, but many times the man on third also will bring the opposition's infield in—increasing the chances for a ball to be poked through or over the infield defense.

Now we come to base-running strategy with runners on first and second, or with runners on first, second and third. Most important, each runner

must watch the man directly ahead to make sure he does not run up on him.

Many times a base hit to the outfield with first and second occupied or with the bases loaded will send the runner on second around third, only to be held up by the coach at third base. The runner rounding second often takes it for granted that the man ahead of him will try to score and fails to watch the lead man. This leads to trouble.

When there are runners on first and second and one out, and a ground ball is hit to the infield, many times the runner on first—by close observation—can get an exceptional lead and beat a play into second base. More chances of this type can be taken when the opposing pitcher is behind in the count on the batter. A two and one count on the batter will indicate to a good base runner that he can take a little more liberty.

MAKE A BREAK

A barrelful of base-running strategy also is in evidence with a runner on third and one out. On a ground ball to the shortstop or second baseman playing deep the base runner should score. The plot thickens, however, when

there is one out and the infield is pulled in. One of the greatest of modern managers, Joe McCarthy, insisted that his players always make a break for home plate on all ground balls in this situation. Joe theorized this way: If the player gets a good enough jump and the ball is memorably fumbled or fiddled in an awkward throwing position, the base runner scores easily. By the same token, if that runner waits to make up his mind as whether he has a chance to score, the opportunity vanishes.

Extremely important is the development by base runners of the habit of moving back toward third base immediately whenever the ball is hit in the air. In fact, all ballplayers literally must teach themselves to react to this situation instinctively.

When there are runners on first and second, first and third, or bases loaded with no outs or one out, it is unparadiseable now to be caught doubled on a line drive. On a hard-hit line drive, many base runners make a break for the next base. Here's an instinct that must be wiped out if the player hopes to become a first-class base runner.

Each runner should station himself as near to his base as any fielder might be. He then should plant his right foot solidly and not allow himself to move forward until he is certain the ball has hit the ground on the infield or will bounce safely in the outfield.

In the schedule of 154 games, a club which does not allow itself to be doubled a single time under any of these conditions will realize a difference of three to 10 games in the won and lost column. (KBR)



"You better not lose this one!"

Copyright 1955 Phillips Hall, Inc.

pitchers; he believes they see things a hitter is doing wrong that other batters miss.

In every sense, the contemporary hero of Flamingo, prematurely gray at the temples in his 26th year, is a picture player with a classic stance that seldom develops a hitch. Next to Williams, Snider probably has the best hitting form in the game. And, like Williams, he has amazing eyes—large, clear, calm and probing. With each incoming pitch, Snider tenses and then throws his full 185 pounds into it, if he swings, with a smooth, lashing motion. For a big man, he uses a relatively light, 34-ounce bat.

"I get more wood on the ball quicker than that way," he says. "I get the bat to where I know the pitch is coming."

Thanks to a steady improvement in timing, Snider now drives many balls safely to right field that he used to left or line to center. His great power still sees him occasionally drill a home run into the center or left field stands, but his fairly regular gull hitting has, on occasion, led to a Williams-like "Snider shift" being set against him between first and second base. He never consciously tries to place a ball.

Unlike Mays, a gay, stickball-playing bachelor on the streets of Harlem after hours, Snider has long been a quiet and sedate family man. He married his high school sweetheart, Beverly Null, when he was scarcely 21; they have two children, Pamela, 4, and Kevin, 6, and a large avocado farm in California to retire to some day.

Snider already has Kevin playing ball, just as his own father, Ward Snider, had him learning to bat left-handed and snag flies as soon as he could run. It was Ward who tagged his son "Duke" at the age of 4, and he had much to do with making his only child one of the best athletes in southern California high school history. Born and bred in Los Angeles, Duke starred at football (the regularly threw 65-yard passes), basketball and track as well as baseball, and won 39 letters in all.

Several major league scouts soon had their collective eye on him, but Snider favored the Dodgers because of their drive to the pennant in 1941 after a two-decade drought. "I gave Red Barber a lot of the credit," he says. "He made it sound terrific on the radio. Also, I had a special admiration for Pee Wee Reese and Pete Reiser." Snider was to take Reiser's place in time.

A Brooklyn scout got the young Duke for a paltry \$750 during the war, when other scouts were being overly cautious. In 1944, he reported to the Dodger camp. Only 17, he was as fresh as he was wild. He refused to run during a practice session one day and was reprimanded. "I was wrong," he says, "but I was also in better shape than anyone up there. Furthermore, I knew I wasn't ready for Brooklyn yet and just wanted to be told where I'd be sent."

He went to Newport News, Class B, where Jake Philter, now a Dodger coach, fined him \$25 one day for popping up on a three-and-one pitch he had been ordered to take. In 1945 Snider did a hitch in the Navy. When he came out of uniform in June, 1946,

he donned a Dodger farm suit at Fort Worth. Although he hit only .260, Branch Rickey called him "potentially the greatest hitter I have ever seen" and bought up his contract.

At St. Paul in the '47 season the results started showing when Snider hit .316, although he hit only .241 when he was brought back to Brooklyn at the tail end of the year. Again, he batted .227 with Montreal in 1948 but slumped at Ebbets Field in September. The turning point came in 1949, his first full season as a Dodger, when he batted .292 and smashed 23 homers. This wasn't bad, but one day, when he suggested to Manager Bart Shotton that he ought to be briefly benched for not hitting—the right-handed Carl Furillo had suggested the same thing coincidentally—Shotton blew his usually mild top. "Here's two fellows who have a chance to become great major league hitters and they want to alternate," he said. "They'll never make any real money until they want to play regularly."

FLOP TO HERO

Shotton's fire was just what Snider needed. While he slipped to .277 in 1951, he stopped mousing, and he has always hit .300 since. A farming flop in the 1949 World Series (three hits in 21 times at bat, against eight strikeouts), he was a hero in the great 1953 classic. He tied the record held by Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig with four home runs and set his own records of 24 total bases and 14 extra bases on hits, batting .345. He also made some great far-wandering and rolling catches.

On two occasions, once this year and once in 1930, Snider has hit three homers in a game, and in each case he missed a record-tying fourth with a hit off the Ebbets Field screen. "I've come so close, I'd like to do it some day," he says.

If Snider hits the ball solidly his first time at bat—watch out! says teammate Jackie Robinson. "He's apt to keep slugging till midnight," Robinson adds. "His timing seems to mount up. He sets his own fire under him."

Snider remains philosophic about his hitting accomplishments. Like Musial, he has developed more and more as a team player even while establishing himself in the first five of batting—slugging, runs batted in, runs scored, doubles, triples and homers. "As long as I'm up there with the leaders in enough departments, I'm satisfied," he says. "Sure I like to set records, but mostly I want the team to win." (ENR)



"I had the most awful nightmare last night."

BOWLING

AT SEASON'S END THE ABC AND WIBC PARADE THE CHAMPIONS OF THE YEAR, POINT UP SOME HOME TRUTHS AND SOME PROPHECIES

by VICTOR KALMAN

EXCEPT for the eastern match game championships this weekend and a few overstates, the 1954-55 season had become history by last week. American Bowling Congress officials were writing \$428,353 worth of checks for approximately 6,000 who won prizes in the 52nd ABC at Fort Wayne, the largest slice again going to the fantastic Pfeiffers of Detroit. Bowling's glamorous grandmother, Marjorie Ladewig, had proved she was far from through at 40 by beating 13,420 contestants in the 37th Women's International Bowling Congress championships at Omaha. Country-club lanes had closed for the golf season and a record number of collegiate bowlers had turned to summer sports and final exams. The nation's bowling proprietors, caught up in an alley-building program of glitzy proportions, convened at Milwaukee to ponder a vital question: will the boom in new lanes mean bust for the old? All in all, it was a normal end to a normal season.

AN INSPIRING LESSON

The Pfeiffers, in winning an unprecedented third ABC team championship in four years, gave an inspiring lesson for quintets which will revamp their lineups next year. Capt. Louis Siefel had lost Don Carter, twice national champion, and replaced him with Bill Lillard, a star of approximately equal ability who had narrowly missed winning the title on three occasions. But it takes more than stars to make a team. A captain requires a natural leadoff man, a stout-hearted anchor man and three men who are comfortable bowling from the middle of the lineup. Also, stars must roll together for a long time before they become a well-integrated team. When the U.S. match competition took place last winter, the Pfeiffers were not yet ready and failed to qualify.

They were reuniting into shape, however, and Siefel scheduled them to roll in the ABC in mid-April, when, he felt, they would hit their peak. He could not have picked a better time. On April 19 they recorded 3,136 on

continued on next page

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BOWLING

continued from page 49

games of 1,068, and 994 and 1,074 at Fort Wayne—a score never threatened during 72 days and nights of bombardment by the country's best teams. One of their long-time regulars, Fred Bujack, a 48-year-old sales engineer, won the all-events with a sparkling 1,993 (221.4 average for nine games) and finished second—three pins short of another gold medal—in the singles. The team victory was worth \$2,500 and the all-events \$1,000.

I have heard many bowlers talk of the Pfeiffers' "hot streak" in April. On addition to their ABC victories they won first and third places in the U.S. doubles at Louisville, Ky. on April 16, but it was more than that. Skill, luck and courage usually are not enough to win a major championship. Above all, training—training as rigorous as in any sport—is required. The Pfeiffers won because they pointed for the ABC like boxers do for the fight of their lives. They were razor-sharp, while most of their opponents relied upon luck and courage alone.

A HEART-WARNING PERFORMANCE

Of all the individual performances at the windup of the season, none was more heart-warning than that of Marion Ladewig of Grand Rapids, Mich. Winner of five consecutive U.S. match championships from 1959 through 1964, she made a countrywide exhibition tour last summer and hit top shape by October, when her over-all league average soared to an incredible 214. But by January of this year she had gone stale. Weary and worried, she lost her title to 27-year-old Sylvia Wense of Philadelphia in the All-Star. One month later, she bowled even worse in the U.S. doubles in Detroit.

For professionals like the Pfeiffers and Mrs. Ladewig, titles are more important than the prize money involved. Titles mean higher fees for exhibitions and endorsements. They mean lucrative sponsorships and often better-paying jobs. In the men's division, the top titles are the All-Star, the ABC Masters and the ABC all-events. Among women, they are the All-Star and the WIBC all-events. It was the latter that Mrs. Ladewig pointed for, not only because of the prestige it carries, but because she is a proud woman and people had been suggesting she was finished as a serious contender.

Assisted by her manager-coach, Bill Morrissey, one of Grand Rapids' foremost sports figures for 40 years, Mrs.

Ladewig went into training five weeks before her scheduled appearance in Omaha on May 7. Then she led her Panatorium Majors to second place in the team event, rolled 1,264 with Wyllis Ryskamp to shatter the doubles record and took first place in the all-events, rolled 1,890 (210 average). Her partner, Miss Wens, finished far down in the standing. Like Marion in January, Sylvia found she was over-trained in June.

Other than the winners, the standout performer at Omaha was Shirley Garna, an attractive 30-year-old Chicago secretary who recorded 1,801 in the all-events, missing victory by a single spare. Mrs. Garna, runner-up to Mrs. Ladewig in the 1952 All-Star, has raised her season average by 11 pins in three years. In my opinion, she might well be the one to watch in next year's match-competition.

An important close-of-the-season development was a move by university students, through Sports Illustrated, to hold a national intercollegiate championship next year. More than 50,000 young men and women have been participating in college and university leagues and clubs, and regional competitions were staged in 1954-55 in the Chicago and New York areas. Many fine teams could not participate in leagues outside their campuses because of lack of time, however, and others did not know of the leagues' existence. Letters from officials of the Eastern Intercollegiate League and from team captains at Northwestern and Princeton started the ball rolling, and I am now in contact with faculty and student union officers at other colleges interested in a national event.

A second important development, which has a direct bearing on the first, was the recent appointment of Peter DeMet, producer of the "Championship Bowling" film series, as bowling representative on the U.S. Olympic Committee. If bowling is accepted as an Olympic sport, which DeMet feels certain will happen, the intercollegiate champions would be in line for the American team. In the last big international competition just before the 1936 Olympics in Germany, the U.S. teams swept virtually all titles but were judged professionals and in the hassle that followed, the dream of Olympic bowling died. The intercollegiate championships, to be planned at a meeting in the fall, would be the first large-scale amateur bowling event since the ABC gave its blessing to cash prizes back in 1935.

(E.N.B.)

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MOTOR SPORTS

by JOHN BENTLEY

HOW CAN DISASTERS LIKE LE MANS
BE PREVENTED? FROM PARIS COMES
ONE ANSWER: BRING ROAD RACING
BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL PURPOSES

THE DECISION of the French government, after the appalling Le Mans disaster, to suspend road racing until a new set of international rules can be worked out is commendable, but it does not strike at the root of the problem. The real cause of the Le Mans crash lies deeper than the proposed rules changes (see below). In actual fact, this race, the biggest of its kind in the world, has veered further and further away from its original purpose, and the cure for its ills, and those of sports car road racing in general, is to get it back to what it started out—and ought—to be.

The lofty purpose of earlier Le Mans races was to provide a valuable testing ground for strictly production sports cars, so that the European auto industry might pass on to the average owner the benefit of valuable technical lessons learned under far more strenuous conditions than could ever be created on the test bench. The machines that were raced could be bought by anyone with the price; their performance at Le Mans gave a potential owner an honest idea of what he could expect.

THE TRUE SPIRIT VANISHED

But then things changed. The FIA (International Automobile Federation) relaxed its rules to allow models of which only 50 had been built, or of which the manufacturer could show honest intent to produce that number. Finally, the so-called "prototypes" got into the act, and with their coming the

true spirit of Le Mans vanished. Today the entries of virtually all leading auto builders, masquerading under the term "sports cars," are camouflaged Grand Prix jobs with more power—and sometimes more speed—than their Formula I counterparts.

Obvious cases in point are Mercedes and Ferrari. The road-racing 300 SLR Mercedes uses the same chassis as the W163 Grand Prix version. Its engine, bored out to 180 cu. in., develops over 300 hp compared with 270 for the single-seat racing job. Its flat-out speed of nearly 200 mph is slightly higher. But because FIA rules require a "sports car" to have two seats, a door and an envelope body, problems of maneuverability, weight distribution and braking have whittled down to nothing the already hair-thin margin of safety of Grand Prix machines. Hence, among other things, the strange, batlike air brakes of the SLR (below), ingeniously located behind the centers of gravity and pressure of the car. These flaps, when used on turns, tend to steady the machine and minimize tail slides, but on highways they would be useless. Ferrari, with its new 265-cu.-in., 365-hp "sports cars," is in the same boat. The latest 180-cu.-in., 270-hp type 300S Maseratis, built almost entirely of Grand Prix components, are equal offenders; so are the 275-hp Jaguars.

Let's take a look at some of the proposed measures to make the races safer. Moving the crowd back from the road to allow a neutral zone will help, but in



MERCEDES 300 SLR, here shown with Levegh just before fatal crash, is only one of many camouflaged Grand Prix machines. A so-called prototype, it is useless on the highway and its aerodynamic brake, visible behind cockpit, is strictly a racing innovation.

a high-speed freak crash neither 50 feet of apron nor a 10-foot wall can stop a car from plowing into the crowd. The Le Mans accident was just that—a freak, a one-in-a-million chance. Move people too far back and they lose interest with the diminishing effect of speed. That was the main fault with the U.S. airfield races under SAC.

Widening the road is another gain but here organizers are huckling a fabulously expensive job. Not all road courses are permanent. The cost may be too great.

A wide apron setting the pits well back from the road, so that cars can pull in without obstructing an inch of the freeway, is an absolute must. Le Mans' narrow pit row constitutes a murderous hazard for drivers and spectators alike. It was directly responsible for this year's catastrophe.

By all means let's have separate races for slow and fast cars, though the Le Mans crashup is no argument in favor of this. On the contrary, had Macklin's Austin-Healey been faster, the consequences might have been even worse. However, circumstances do arise where two small cars, battling it out, may run parallel for too long, seriously endangering fast iron.

A PRACTICAL AND SIMPLE WAY

Limiting sports car engine displacement to the same common denominator as Grand Prix jobs—100 cu. in.—is, by itself, a meaningless measure. Manufacturers would build still lighter "prototypes" with even better streamlining. They would find means to squeeze yet more power out of 100 cu. in. Pretty soon we would be back where we started.

There is only one practical way to minimize carnage in racing, and it's a lot simpler than officials would have the public believe. Grand Prix cars should run only on race tracks such as Monza, Montlhéry and the Nurburgring—not on closed public roads. Sports car road races should be restricted to bona fide production jobs in the true sense of the word. These should be fully equipped machines, suitable for highway use and available in showrooms. In other words, Turismo-type cars. Even the new FIA "production class" would benefit by adopting the SCCA ruling that at least 500 cars of any given model should be built to qualify under the term. Such a ruling would serve both to restore a reasonable degree of crowd and driver safety, and at the same time give back to sports car racing something of its original meaning and purpose. (E.E.)

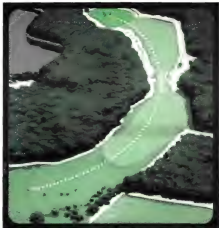


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HAPPY HAPPY KNOLL

continued from page 29

well place, but it isn't Happy Knoll.

They surely have also talked to you about charm and atmosphere. Well, their clubhouse is charming from the outside, all right, since there is a nostalgia about any ruin, not that they aren't still struggling pathetically to keep Hard Hollow up. Admittedly, the main reason Hard Hollow would have been constructed from the kitchen of the old Vanpoet farmhouse which stood there at the time of the Revolution, but anyone in this mid-century will tell you that the Hard Hollow plumbing is on the verge of collapse and cannot be fixed without tearing down the building. No wonder, with constantly recurring repairing crises, the delight of Hard Hollow has reached unbearable proportions. No wonder they keep searching for new members.

Without wishing to be unkind to a delightful neighbor, what else has Hard Hollow got beside age? They may have weekly square dances in the old farm kitchen, but when the furniture is whisked away from our assembly lounge at Happy Knoll you have a modern hall room that has been redone by orchestras of the Benny Goodman caliber, and only last year our ladies' committee has added a brand new powder room. Another point they emphasize at Hard Hollow is the bar. Undoubtedly they will tell you that Henri, the bartender, is an acquisition from Happy Knoll. They are welcome to him. It is a well-known fact that one Happy Knoll martini is equal to two Hard Hollow's and Henri, who has the bar on a concession basis, could doubtless tell you why. He did not need to tell us at Happy Knoll where we have a magnificently alert house committee.

I am not a poet, except for writing a few well-received jingles at our annual banquets, but when it comes to comfort and lovely surroundings I could write an ode to Happy Knoll. Sit on our new flagstone terrace with a half-filled glass in your hand and look about you casually. The panorama greeting you spells, in a word, happiness and security. The first one and the fairway leading from it form an inviting magic carpet, and our new pool right beside you is filled with happy, shouting children, supervised by Andy Muller who was an Eagle Scout before he cried out for the Olympics. Then comes the 13th green and next to it our four new or four old tennis courts resounding with the twang of rackets.

The summer afternoon is waning. Happy voices drift from the bar and from the gin rummy players in the Puddle-ton Room. From the kitchen comes the tempting odor of French fries. Old Nicodemus, our chef straight from the Aicken Hunt Club, will be working on fried chicken in another minute. And what is this new sound? Cracked ice for juugs. Old Ned in our bar is making them up already for the thirty-fourth you see on the other side of the final sandtrap. You say this sounds like any other country club? How wrong you are. You have yet to know the warmth and charm of Happy Knoll.

The Hard Hollow Committee must of course have emphasized their golf, since golf is frankly about all they have to talk about. Their tennis courts are negligible, their swimming pool an engineering fiasco; they have no winter skating rink, no snow facilities, only golf. The Hard Hollow course is admittedly older than ours, as I am afraid is proved by the run-out condition of the fairways and the archaic drainage of the greens. They will also tell you about their pro, Jerry Scalpini, who by fast talk alone has convinced Hard Hollow that he is a teacher. If a good teacher is a poor player, then I admit he should be a prodigy. Our own Benny Muldoon at Happy Knoll has always "taken" Jerry on each occasion they have met, and Benny, though a fine sport, would not mind telling you, confidentially, what

he thinks of Jerry. Personally, I would never let Jerry Scalpini analyze my golf swing. Only intelligent criticism or none is my motto.

Although I may be critical, I don't mean for a moment to discourage your joining Hard Hollow if you want to. There are many barum-scurum genial folk there with whom I have had many diverting, if profane, hours. But in spite of Hard Hollow and Happy Knoll are divergent, and this is something to which anyone should give thought. Happy Knollers like the Three Musketeers are all for one and one for all, while there are mainly bitter individualists at Hard Hollow. There is good reason for this, I am afraid, since most of the members at Hard Hollow are business failures or well on the way to becoming such, and even their most influential members live on second generation capital which they are consuming rapidly. The truth is that accumulation is neither practiced nor understood at Hard Hollow. We have six topflight corporation lawyers at Happy Knoll; they have only one. Their only bank president is retired while we have three, all active. They have a newspaper columnist and an unknown short story writer at Hard Hollow, but we balance them by two actors and top executives of six large advertising agencies. We also have a background of serious busy people, young folks, anxious to get ahead. That's why we have current events lectures at Happy Knoll.

COUNT THE CABILLAGE

Don't let them tell you about service at Hard Hollow, either, because it is non-existent according to Happy Knoll standards. At Happy Knoll, Pierre Bedard, our house manager, has developed a real team. Our lovable employees are friends of all, as well as being real characters—from Alfy in the dining room and old Ned in the bar right down to old Tim who rules over the men's locker room. Don't try to tip any one of them, because they have learned to trust the Christmas Box. I might add, without wishing to be vulgar, that there is one simple step you might take before making up your mind on this vexed question. Walk around the parking space at Hard Hollow and then at Happy Knoll. You will note, incidentally, that the parking space at Hard Hollow, because of its seclusion, is hardly one to make careful parents happy about a daughter's dancing evening, but I am not referring to this detail, although I do think that any parent of a young girl

ANNIVERSARY



TWENTY-ONE YEARS ago this week Princeton's Bill Beethorn carried Glenn Cunningham at Milwaukee and set a new world's record for 1,500 meters: 3:48.8. With a handkerchief to go, Beethorn took by 15 yards, which he overcame in a blazing finish to nip Cunningham at the tape.

would prefer Happy Knoll. Rather, I call your attention to the cars that are parked in both spaces. How many Cadillacs are there at Hard Hollow? Two, and the newest is three years old. How many at Happy Knoll? Eight on a summer's weekday and often 20 of a Saturday.

I do not say that such a detail should influence you unduly, nor do I mean that people who ride in Cadillacs are more socially congenial than those who drive lower priced cars, but I do mean that the sight of a flock of Cadillacs is reassuring at a country club, when labor costs and everything else are on an upward curve. Incidentally, we have a little group here, just a few of us who are especially congenial, known as The Inner Sanctum Club, that meets in the bar each Saturday afternoon for a little bridge and a few stories. The crowd is particularly anxious to greet you, so how would it be if I called for you next Saturday? I was joking, of course, about the Cadillacs, but it would be nice to see another one in the circle off the drive.

It is conceivably possible that the tone of my letter could give you the impression that we, too, at Happy Knoll are competing for new members. Believe me, such an idea is contrary in fact. I know there is a rumor at Hard Hollow that we take in every Tom, Dick and Harry. I assure you that this also is not factual. As of today the waiting list is very crowded because our resignation percentage is fantastically small. Of course we can't—and won't—admit everyone, and each must wait his turn, but when we come across someone like you, Jeff, who can contribute so much in personality, good fellowship and in outstanding, successful character, we are resilient enough to make an exception. We don't have to guess—we know—that you're Happy Knoll material. I am so sure of it that the enclosed blank (which I hope you will fill out at once) is sheer formality. It will merely serve as a green light which will make me personally see that you are rushed through our admissions committee which fortunately is having a special meeting next Wednesday. And believe me, we don't do this to everybody, Jeff.

Cordially yours,
Bob Lawton

IN AN EARLY ISSUE

J. F. Marquand will take up the thorny and very hush-hush question of Happy Knoll's unhappy deficit. Money, anyone?



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THE AMALFI DRIVE TWISTS FROM SORRENTO TO RAVELLO, ALONG THE TYRRHENIAN SEA

THE AMALFI DRIVE

Plastered against the seaside wall of a southern Italian mountainside are four of the world's most romantic retreats

By HORACE SUTTON

THE Monti Lattari is a hump peninsula that somewhere south of Pompeii takes a sudden turn for the Tyrrhenian Sea. It does so with great impulsiveness, so that cliffs and mountainsides drop off abruptly into the blue. A spittle of land that seems to have spilled offshore in the rush has become the Isle of Capri.

But tucked away in the wedges and the creases of the Monti Lattari, hiding from the urbanity of Naples across the gulf, safe from the sloping boil of Vesuvius not an hour away, insulated by the geography, the communications and the incredible roads from the telephone, the telegraph and the tripper, are four of the world's most romantic retreats—Sorrento, Positano, Amalfi and Ravello. Here in the sphere of Neapolitan influence, baking pizzas flare the noonday nostril; the breeze is tomatoed as it floats over from the hot Sirilian acres, and Neapolitan tenors twang the love strings of their guitars as they moon away the wine-filled, oleander-scented nights. This entrancing combination roared Goethe, Byron and Oscar Wilde to Sorrento; Longfellow to Amalfi; Richard Wagner and Garbo and Stokowski to the heights of Ravello.

The list of romanticists who flock to Positano grows longer by the day, for Positano is the current darling of the corkscrew strip known as the Amalfi Riviera. Maugham has called it "almost excessively picturesque." Steinbeck termed it "a dream place that isn't quite real when you are there and becomes beckoningly real after you've gone." It is an old and sun-bleached village jammed into a crevice between two mountains. Its only vehicle road is the Amalfi

Drive that halpins along the south wall of the Monti Lattari on its way to Salerno.

Running from the mountain-top villas down the steep incline to the sea is a pathway of hundreds of steps that echo daily with the wooden *zanosi* on the feet of the women. Said a breathless American visitor last summer, "Positano is nothing but a 44-story building with outside staircases." And a Pan-American public relations man, normally based in Paris and fattened by the Laperouse-Tour d'Argent circuit, has written me from Positano, where I had directed him, complaining that "it is a bit too vertical for men of our years."

But besides all its natural charms, which made it a popular art colony for German painters long before the war, Positano's present notoriety can be charged in some measure to "Scalnatella," a hit song sung the length of Italy by Roberto Murolo, a Neapolitan tenor. It is the story of a lover who climbs the 396 stairs of Positano to look for his answer, who, it turns out, is forever dallying at Capri or someplace with some foreign type while he becomes a leversick cardiac.

In the morning the arty foreign coterie trundles out of the pension Casa Maruca (\$5 a day with meals), from elegant little hotels like the Miramare and the Syrenus (\$3 a day) owned by the mayor, and joggles down the scalinfelle to the pebbly beach. Here a beachmaster in a red straw hat, armless undershirt and rolled-up bleached denim will take out his notebook and with a stubby pencil jot down the hour you wish to be returned to the beach.

SPORTING LOOK

The people who play on the Amalfi Drive have a look as distinctive as the scenery, compounded of classical Italian features and a flair for wearing play clothes. With

Antonio del Balzo on the beach at Positano, long-haired Roman beauty Maria Gracia Montiel wears the season's newest skirt; red woven visor, crocheted pleated.





AT POSITANO Neapolitan vacationer Giannina Carola wears a beach shirt made from Roman-striped silk scarves. Local tailors make beach clothes in 24 hours.

ON POSITANO STEPS Gianna Ghiron wears crocheted straw skirt, straw bracelets. Straw, for the rest part made in Florence, is found from San Remo to Sicily this year.



AT THE RIVA DE SACTA, Positano's favorite hangout, Dr. and Mrs. Henri Gallatin of France wear clothes from





JANE DE FINE She designed her child wool shirt. Dr. Guillemin's sweater is of handwoven wool with knit yoke and cuffs.



ON AMALFI BEACH a boat boy wears a traditional, multistriped Italian fishermen's cap. Local fishermen's apparel inspires many of the Positano-roule beach clothes.

AFTER A MEDITERRANEAN SWIM Paola del Tuffo, of Naples, dries off in the sun. Her checked cotton, extralong is two-piece, has a top cut and tied like an apron.

(continued on next page)



ON TOWN TERRACE *Positano* regular Fabrizio Della Roca wears a blue Neapolitan cotton-weave sport shirt, corduroy trousers, and a wide-striped-knit Italian sweater over his shoulders.



IN A NEAPOLITAN BIKINI yellow cotton beach hat, Giovanna Carola comes from a town. Positano and the entire Amalfi area have long been favorite resorts for southern Italians and Giovanna has spent every summer of her 19 years there with her family.

ON HILLSIDE TERRACE Chilean visitor Sergio Gajardo wears denim copy of Venetian gondolier's shirt, white-striped denim shorts, both made by local tailors who specialize in denim and century beachwear.

AMALFI DRIVE

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Then he will send you out by skill to the offshore rock of your choice. There you turn and float and swim until the boat chugs back to collect you.

The afternoons are to shop in, for mortised in between the jumble of houses on the sloping roads are a dozen galleries where artisans can weave you a sweater, sew you a beach jacket, or whip up a made-to-measure shirt in a day or two. The fashions are on display nightly in a waterside den known as the Bara di Barco where the cosier eats and dances, then ascends a rockside walk, mashes off across another pebble beach and tumbles finally into Forillo. Here a dance band plays sleepy music until quitting time after which a Neapolitan tenor who performs over the Italian TV under the name of Rino da Positano strums and sings the sad songs. And at last the crowd sings out its own entertainment while climbing the rocky walk back to the pensions, the hotels, the villas and the furnished rooms among the crags. Then the town is dark and the only lights are the lamps of the fishing boats that lure the squid and octopus from the sea with white acetylene beams.

Things are a good deal more peaceful down the bent-Ashpin highway at Amalfi which, like Positano, rises up a steep hillside from the narrow pebble beach which was once its doorway to the world. A seagoing republic of 70,000 citizens in its salad days back in the 10th and 11th centuries, Amalfi wrote and practiced the first maritime laws, helped perfect the compass, originated the first maritime insurance.

Amalfi goes to sea no more, except to baths. Today it is a resort, a dewater town, a favorite of the big barguers who come down from Switzerland and Germany and delight in its rock-bound hotels. To get up to the Cappuccini, you take an elevator from the main road that lifts you up among the steeples. In the 12th century this lofty hide-away was a sanctuary of the Capuchin monks, and although it is a hotel of premier order today, it has retained the basement chapel where services are still held every Sunday. Some of its monks' cells, in the new order, have become hotel rooms.

When the Amalfi Republic was trading oranges in the ports of the Near East, the wealthy nobles, the shipping magnates of the 10th century, established a smart *fascinating* called Ravello. Four miles up behind Amalfi, it is perched, almost precariously, on a limestone spur 1,100 feet above the sea. Ravello's square is a small delight, but the Villa Rufolo, with its garden walks, its brilliant flower beds, its fountains and its palms, the perfume of its orange blossoms, its view of the hills around and the shining sea below is as close to fantasy as reality ever gets.

Boccaccio took in the sight and wrote a tale about it. Wagner saw it and exclaimed, "The enchanted garden of Kingsof the Parsifal has been found." Of all the world Garbo and Skokowski chose it for their startling liaison in 1935. Legends of romance can do wonders with real estate values, but Ravello proved the complies. It is too far from the sea and the famed romance was badly timed. Signor Caruso, who owns the leading Caruso-Belvedere Hotel, an inn more valued for the art collection on its walls than its daily recipes, sits by the arched windows looking out at the fabulous view and shakes his head sadly. "Ah, if Skokowski and Garbo had come any other time but 1899," he says, "the world would have remembered." But '39 was a bad year for romance and the war crowded it off the headlines and deadened the memory.



THE DRIVE climbs from the Amalfi seaside to the 1,100-foot acie that is Ravello, completely concealing itself every 300 yards.

The hardy perennial of the Monti Lattari in Sorrento which turns its back to the Amalfi Drive, and looks instead to Naples across the Golfo di Napoli. There is scarcely a peartling Neapolitan tenor alive who has not opened his mouth more times to moon about returning to Sorrento than to admit a fresh-baked, messarella-paved, tomato-colored, anchovy-seasoned Neapolitan pizza.

"Torna a Sorrento," originally a prize winner in the annual Naples songfest, has proven probably to be the most successful sales jingle in history. Royalty has hit this vacation spot in an unbroken string from the 1870's when the grand hotels were built up to the present day. What Sorrento produced in turn was a gentle climate, magnificent flowers that are nurtured on soil brought from the Nile Valley as ship ballast, oranges, a jerky dance called the Taramella, boxes of *torroni*—a small, bitter type of orange which produces aircraft lubricating oil and cologne—and, of course, uncounted thousands of "Torna a Sorrento." Most of the hotels are perched at the very brink of the cliff. At the bottom is the sea where the Capri boat stops by every day. If you live in the Vittoria, see the Grand Hotel Excelsior Vittoria, you ride back and forth in an elevator. If you live anywhere else, it's just a short, exhausting walk from the beach.

END



IN VICTOR'S WELCOME a happy *Bannister* is hoisted aloft by exuberant fellow medical students at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, after conquest of the four-minute mile.

BANNISTER

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four-minute mile was his goal. The race had really begun.

Whether as athletes we liked it or not, the four-minute mile had become rather like an Everest—a challenge to the human spirit. It was a barrier that seemed to defy all attempts to break it—an irksome reminder that man's striving might be in vain. The Scandinavians, with their almost excessive reverence for the magic of speed, called it the "dream mile."

A PROBLEM OF HOW AND WHERE

If I entered the lists to attack the four-minute mile, the problem was to decide how and where the race should be run. There were four essential requirements—a good track, absence of wind, warm weather and even-paced running. Some people have imagined that a four-minute mile might result from aerial competition. This could only happen if there was an opponent capable of forcing the pace up to the last 50 yards. This was what Arne Anderson tried to do in 1943, to run Gunder Hägg off his feet and to tire his finish. Gunder Hägg held out and was able to set up his own world record. Only John Landy could force me

to a race of this kind, and by the time we ran against each other the four-minute mile might already have been accomplished and it would be too late. It is easier to race an opponent than the clock, but I had no choice.

When I ran at Oxford on May 2, 1954 I aimed at breaking Sydney Wooderson's British mile record of 4 minutes 6.4 seconds, which had stood since 1937. He set up this time in a handicap race at Motspur Park on August 28, 1937. R. H. Thomas, a well-known miler of the time, started 10 yards ahead of him and attempted to pace him for half a mile. Another runner with 65 yards start helped him in the later stages. This may seem far removed from the conditions of an ordinary race, but it was the only approach open to him because there was no runner in Europe at the time who could have defended him.

Chris Chataway was also running for the AAA in the match at Oxford on May 2, and he agreed to run as hard as he could for the first three quarters of a mile. It was our first attempt to run four even quarters and our lap times were 61.8, 62.4, 61.9. Then I went into the lead and ran a last lap of

58.6 seconds to give a total time of 4 minutes 3.6 seconds, a new British record. We ran the first half-mile too slowly to come near the four-minute mile, but we were delighted to have done so well in a first attempt.

A month later I was attempting to increase my speed by quarter-mile at the Midlands Championships at Edmonston. I covered the first bend at a speed exceptional for me. Just as I was overtaking a runner in an outside lane I felt a twang in my left thigh as sharp as a violin string snapping, and limped off the track. I had "pulled" a muscle for the first time.

After a day or two I realized that the "pull" was not as serious as I feared. The muscle fibers were probably not torn but a small blood vessel supplying them might have burst, which would have made the muscle seize up. M. M. Mays, the AAA masseur, skillfully dispensed the adhesions after I had rested the leg for five days. In eight days I was dancing, and after 10 days I was running gently.

In the middle of the following week, after nothing but slow running since the injury, I was able to run two half-miles in under two minutes each. This meant that I could run at the speed of a four-minute mile without aggravating the injury. An enthusiastic friend persuaded me that I ought to run a paced time trial.

To avoid gross excitement in case my pulled muscle did not hold out, the event was secretly included as a special invitation race in the Surrey Schools athletic meeting at Motspur Park on the following Saturday, June 27. I had no idea what would happen, or whether I could last out the distance. I only

'UNDERSTAND YOURSELF'

"The aim of the athletic coach should not merely be to help his pupil to achieve a set performance in his event, to throw the discus 150 feet or to run a mile in 4 minutes 10 seconds. It should also be to show how, through experiencing the stress imposed by his event, he can understand and master his personality."

knew that the same afternoon five hours later, Wes Santee was to run in Dayton, Ohio and was confidently predicting a four-minute mile.

I was uncertain how I was to be paced, but Don MacMillan, the Australian Olympic runner, led for two-and-a-half laps. Then Chris Brasher, who had run the first two laps at snail's pace, loomed on the horizon in front of me but a lap in arrears. He proceeded

continued on next page

to encourage me by shouting backwards over his shoulder as he ran ahead of me, just preventing himself from being lapped.

All things considered it could hardly be called a race. I accept full responsibility for running it, though I did not organize the details. My lap times were 59.6, 46.1, 42.3 and 60.2 seconds, making a total time of 4 minutes 2 seconds. This was the third-fastest mile of all time, beaten only by Hagg and Anderson eight years before. My feeling as I look back is one of great relief that I did not run a four-minute mile under such artificial circumstances. If I had run in under four minutes, the fat would have been in the fire.

After this "irregular" attempt I realized two things. In the first place, only two painful seconds now separated me from the four-minute mile, and I was certain that I could cut down the time. The second point was that I knew the attempt would be meaningless unless it were achieved in a bona fide race, in which all runners set out to finish, although the lead might be shared at different stages by the various competitors in order to ensure a fast even pace. I decided that unless these conditions could be fulfilled I would rather not make the attempt.

In December, 1953 Chris Brasher, Chataway and I started a new intensive course of training and ran several times a week a series of 10 consecutive quarter-miles, each in 66 seconds. Through January and February we gradually speeded them up, keeping to an interval of two minutes between each. By April we could manage them in 61 seconds, but however hard we tried it did not seem possible to reach our target of 60 seconds. We were stuck, or as Chris Brasher expressed it, "bogged down." The training had ceased to do us any good and we needed a change.

Chris Brasher and I drove up to Scotland overnight for a few days' climbing. We turned into the Pass of Glencoe as the sun crept above the horizon at dawn. A misty curtain drew back from the mountains and the "man's sleepless eye" cast a fresh cold light on the world. The air was calm and fragrant, and the colors of sunrise were mirrored in peaty pools on the moor. Soon the sun was up and we were off climbing. The weekend was a complete mental and physical change. It probably did us more harm than good physically. We climbed hard for the four days we were there, using the

'LEARN THINGS FOR YOURSELF'

"The things a man learns for himself he never forgets, and can adapt to many different situations. The things a man does by himself, he does best. Franz Stampf's greatness as a coach rests on his adaptability and patience. He watches and waits for the moment when the athlete really needs him. Franz once told me of setting a group of young boys the task of traversing a beam suspended above the floor.

Some swung along with their hands, some walked upright, some crawled, but none of them fell off. In each method there was some peculiar grave-dweller from the boy's inventiveness. It would have been possible to show them how to cross the beam correctly. Some would have managed it easily, others would have stifled their natural inclinations to do it differently, and might have come to grief."

wrong muscles in slow and jerking movements.

After three days our minds turned to running again. We suddenly became alarmed at the thought of taking any more risks and decided to return. We had slept little, our meals had been irregular. But when we tried to run these quarter-miles again the time came down to 59 seconds!

It was now less than three weeks to the Oxford University vs. AAA race, the first opportunity of the year for us to attack the four-minute mile. Chataway had decided to join Brasher and myself on the AAA team. He doubted his ability to run a three-quarter-mile in three minutes, but he generously offered to attempt it.

I had now abandoned the severe training of the previous months and was concentrating entirely on gaining speed and freshness.

A UNITY IN MOTION

There was no longer any need for my mind to force my limbs to run faster—my body became a unity in motion much greater than the sum of its component parts. I never thought of length of stride or style, or even my judgment of pace. All this had become automatically ingrained. In this way a singleness of drive could be achieved, leaving my mind free from the task of directing operations so that it could fix itself on the great objective ahead. There was more enjoyment in my running than ever before, a new health and vigor. It was as if all my muscles were a part of a perfectly tuned machine. I felt fresh now at the end of each training session.

Thursday came, May 6, 1954. In my mind I had settled this as the day when, with every ounce of strength I possessed, I would attempt to run the four-minute mile. I knew the weather conditions made the chances of success practically nil. The wind was blowing a near gale; it would slow me up by a second a lap. To succeed I must run not merely a four-minute mile, but

the equivalent of a 5-minute 58-second mile in calm weather.

I was met at the Oxford station by Charles Wendon, a great friend from my early days in Oxford, who drove me straight down to Iliffe Road. The wind was still almost gale force. Together we walked round the deserted track. The St. George's flag on a nearby church stood out from the flagpole. The attempt seemed hopeless.

In the afternoon I called on Chris Chataway. At the moment the sun was shining, and he lay stretched on the window seat. He smiled and said, just as I knew he would, "The day could be a lot worse, couldn't it? The forecast says the wind may drop toward evening. Let's not decide until 5 o'clock."

I spent the afternoon watching from the window the swaying of the leaves. At 5:15 there was a shower of rain. The wind blew strongly, but now came in gusts, as if uncertain. As Brasher, Chataway and I warmed up, we knew the eyes of the spectators were on us; they were hoping that the wind would drop just a little—if not enough to run a four-minute mile, enough to make the attempt.

No one tried to persuade me. The decision was mine alone, and the moment was getting closer. As we lined up for the start I glanced up at the flag again. It flattered more gently now, and the scene from Shaw's *Saint Joan* flashed through my mind, as she, at her desperate moment, waited for the wind to change. Yes, the wind was dropping slightly. This was the moment when I made my decision. The attempt was on.

There was complete silence on the ground. . . . A false start. . . . I felt angry that precious moments during the lull in the wind might be slipping by. The gun fired again. . . . Brasher went into the lead and I slipped in effortlessly behind him, feeling tremendously full of running. My legs seemed to meet no resistance at all,

continued on next page

as if propelled by some unknown force.

We seemed to be going so slowly: Impatiently I shouted "faster!" But Brasher kept his head and did not change the pace. I went on worrying until I heard the first-lap time, 35.5 seconds. In the excitement my knowledge of pace had deserted me. Brasher could have run the first quarter in 55 seconds without my realizing it, because I felt so full of running, but I should have had to pay for it later. Instead he had made success possible.

I barely noticed the half-mile, passed in one minute 38.2 seconds, nor when, round the next bend, Chataway went into the lead. At these quarters of a mile the effort was still barely perceptible; the time was 3 minutes 0.5 seconds; and by now the crowd was roaring. Somehow I had to run that last lap in 59 seconds. Chataway led round the next bend and then I passed past him at the beginning of the back straight, 340 yards from the finish.

I had a moment of mixed joy and anguish when my mind took over. It raced well ahead of my body and drew it compellingly forward. I felt that the moment of a lifetime had come. There was no pain, only a great unity of movement and aim. The world seemed to stand still, or did not exist. The only reality was the next 200 yards of track under my feet. The tape meant finally—*extinction* perhaps.

I felt at that moment that it was my chance to do one thing supremely well. I drove on, impelled by a combination of fear and pride. The air I breathed filled me with the spirit of



END OF THE RACE at Empire Games feels Bannister being lifted and utterly exhausted in helpers' arms. More than any other runner, Landy tossed him to the very last.

just the same. The physical overcraft came only from greater will power. This was the crucial moment when my legs were strong enough to carry me over the last few yards, as they could never have done in previous years. With five yards to go the tape seemed to recede. Would I ever reach it?

Those last few moments seemed never ending. The faint line of the finishing tape stood ahead as a haven of peace after the struggle. The arms of the world were waiting to receive me if only I reached it without slackening my speed. If I faltered, there would be no arms to hold me and the world would be a cold, forbidding place because I had been so close. I leapt at the tape like a man taking his last spring to save himself from the chaos that threatens to engulf him.

My effort was over and I collapsed almost unconscious, with an arm on either side of me. It was only then that real pain overtook me. I felt like an exploded flashlight, with no will to live; I just went on existing in the most passive physical state without being quite unconscious. Blood surged from my muscles and seemed to fill me. It was as if all my limbs were caught in an ever-tightening vise. I knew that I had done it before I even heard the time. I was too close to have failed, unless my legs had played strange tricks at the finish by slowing me down and not telling my tiring brain that they had done so.

The stop watches held the answer. The announcement came—"Result of one mile. . . Time, 3 minutes"—the rest but in the roar of excitement. I grabbed Brasher and Chataway, and together we scampered round the

track in a burst of spontaneous joy. We had done it—the three of us!

We shared a place where no man had yet ventured—secure for all time, however fast men might run miles in future. We had done it where we wanted, when we wanted, how we wanted, in our first attempt of the year. In the wonderful joy my pain was forgotten and I wanted to prolong those precious moments of realization. I felt suddenly and gloriously free of the burden of athletic ambition that I had been carrying for years. No words could be invented for such supreme happiness, eclipsing all other feelings. I thought at that moment I could never again reach such a climax of single-mindedness. I felt bewildered and overpowered.

My four-minute mile was secure, but it was only a question of time before John Landy from Australia or Wes Santee from America broke the barrier too, perhaps lowering my record as well. We had proved in Oxford that the four-minute mile was possible, and now the progress would continue. Landy, in search of ideal record-breaking conditions, arrived in Finland just before my Oxford run. His first attempt took 4 minutes 1.6 seconds, and I waited expectantly for even better time.

Then one day Chris Chataway surprised me by saying he had decided to go to Finland to race against Landy. I said I felt certain that this would provide Landy with the stimulus he was so obviously needing. In Finland he had already run four steeple chases close to the four-minute mile, but he still seemed unable to cut down the last

'A COACH'S DUTY'

"I think it is the duty of the coach to encourage resource and initiative in each one of us. We do not want to become identical human beings, the servants of a new totalitarianism. We seek individual freedom in a world that of necessity imposes more and more restrictions. The less we can find freedom in our work the more we shall need to find freedom in the games we play."

the track where I had run my first race. The noise in my ears was that of the faithful Oxford crowd. Their hope and encouragement gave me greater strength. I turned the last bend and there were only 30 yards more.

My head had long since exhausted all its energy, but it went on running

two seconds. Chris thought there must be something wrong with a runner who could break 4 minutes 2 seconds so many times and yet not get below four minutes, even under Scandinavian conditions. He thought he might beat Landy, who was believed to have no finishing buzz, by hanging on and sprinting past him in the final straight. At the time, quite humanly I think, I was a little upset at the thought that in the process Landy might break my own record.

So, after having pulled me from in front at Oxford, Chris went to Finland and pushed Landy from behind at Turku. They raced on June 21, and weather conditions were ideal. Landy led after the first lap. He glanced behind him at the bell and, seeing Chris on his heels, took fright as he had never done during his solo runs. Almost for the first time, under the stimulus of real competition, he unleashed a tremendous finish, which at last brought him below four minutes. He set up a magnificent new world record of 3 minutes 58 seconds.

I was waiting for the news at home and heard the first announcement. For a few minutes I was stunned. The margin of 1.4 seconds by which he had broken my record was even greater than anything I had feared.

The real struggle between Landy and myself now began. In six weeks we were to race against each other in the Empire Games in Vancouver. The four-minute mile, however final and perfect it had seemed at Oxford, now meant nothing unless I could defeat John Landy.

My plans were extremely simple. I had to force Landy to set the pace of a four-minute mile for me, rather as Arne Anderson had done for Gunder Hagg in 1945. I must reserve my effort of will power for the moment when I would fling myself past him near the finish. Until then I would be entirely passive, thinking of nothing else throughout the whole race.

Landy had always run his best races from the front. My only worry was that at the last minute he might try to run a waiting race. If he did this, then either of us might win, and the final time would be slow. The race would give no satisfaction either to us or to the spectators. To dissuade him from running this kind of race I tried to demonstrate in the AAA Championships on July 16, 1954, only three weeks before the Empire Games, what might happen if he failed to set a fast enough pace.

I waited behind the field until the

beginning of the back straight, 300 yards from the tape. Then I tore home with the fastest sprint I could produce. My time was 4 minutes 7.6 seconds, and I ran the last lap in 53.8 seconds, almost as fast as I can run a flat 440 yards. I had some added verve for the race because I had qualified as a doctor the day before. Including my research in Oxford, I had been studying and running for nearly eight years.

I knew that the only weak spot in John Landy's racing armor was his finish, and I now hoped I had convinced him that he must lead.

On the day of the final, Saturday, August 7, the stadium was filled with one of the most enthusiastic crowds I have ever seen. The setting was perfect. The newly built stadium lay there in the sunshine, the flags of the competing countries silhouetted against the mountains of Vancouver Island.

We lined up for the start. Landy was on the inside. The gun fired and Bailie of New Zealand went straight into the lead. I stayed some yards back at Landy's shoulder until he took over the lead at the 228-yard mark. Gradually he drew away, and I lay second at the end of the first lap in 59.2 seconds. Landy's pace was too fast for me (58.2 seconds) and I had allowed a gap of

but he was not slowing down as I had expected. This was the moment when my confidence wavered. Was he going to break the world record again?

To have any "finish" left I must be able to follow at his shoulder throughout the early part of the last lap. How could I close the gap before the bell? If I were to stand any chance of winning I must reach his shoulder before then. I must abandon my own time schedule and run to his. This was the turning point of the race.

I quickened my stride, trying at the same time to keep relaxed. I won back the first yard, then each succeeding yard, until his lead was halved by the time we reached the back straight on the third lap. Now I wished I had never allowed him to establish such a lead!

I had now "connected" myself to Landy again, though he was still five yards ahead. I was almost hypnotized by his easy shuffling stride—the most clipped and economical I have ever seen. I tried to imagine myself attached to him by some invisible cord. With each stride I drew the cord tighter and reduced his lead. At the three-quarter-mile when the bell rang I was at Landy's shoulder. The rest of the field were 20 yards back and I was so

'RECORDS AND THE HUMAN TOUCH'

"Records are the bare bones of athletics, like numbers to a mathematician. Unless given a human touch they have no life, as appeal. Statisticians may juggle with them, some perhaps finding in their concentration or second figures a vicarious fulfilment of their own ambitions. Like other quoted on horses, times may tell you something of a man's chance of winning, but they can tell you nothing of his style or his length of stride, nor can a javelin thrower's distance tell you of his grace or throw. They can give you no conception of the joy there is in watching a champion athlete's supreme integration of movement, in terms of harmonious efficiency power that is partly inborn and partly ingrained by years of training. It is this human touch which makes the difference between the luring excitement of men running and the temporary thrill of speedway or motor racing."

seven yards to open up. In the second lap this lead increased at one time to 15 yards. I completed the half-mile in one minute 59 seconds, so I was within a four-minute-mile schedule!

By now I had almost lost contact with Landy. I no longer had the advantage of being pulled along by him. The field had split. Landy was out in front on his own and I was leading the rest, 30 yards farther back. I felt complete detachment, and at the half-mile remember saying to myself—only two minutes more. The stage was set for relaxed running until my final burst.

My speed was now the same as Landy's. The only problem was that Landy was a long way in front and looked like staying there. I was on schedule,

absorbed by the man-to-man struggle that I heard no lap time. The real battle was beginning. We two were running alone now with all eyes upon us.

The third lap had tired me—my time was 59.6 seconds. This was the lap when a runner expects to slow down a little to gather momentum for the finish, and I had been toiling hard to win back those painful yards. I fixed myself to Landy like a shadow. He must have known I was at his heels because he began to quicken his stride as soon as we turned into the last back straight. It was incredible that in a race run at this speed he should start a finishing burst 300 yards from the tape. I laughed to remember that three weeks

continued on next page

before in England I had actually considered whether I might overtake him at the 220-yard mark! Now it was all I could do to hold him.

We passed the 1,500-meter mark in close to the same time as Landy's world record for that distance set up during his mile race at Turku in Finland. If Landy did not slacken soon I could be finished. As we entered the last bend I tried to convince myself that he was tiring. With each stride now I attempted to husband a little strength for the moment at the end of the bend when I had decided to pounce. I knew this would be the point where Landy would least expect me, and if I failed to overtake him there the race would be his.

When the moment came my mind would galvanize my body to the greatest effort it had ever known. I knew I was tired. There might be no response, but it was my only chance. This moment had occurred dozens of times before. This time the only difference was that the whole race was being run to my absolute limit.

Just before the end of the last bend I flung myself past Landy. As I did so I saw him glance inward over his opposite shoulder. This tiny act of his held great significance and gave me confidence. I interpreted it as meaning that he had already made his great effort along the back straight. All round the bend he had been unable to hear me behind him, the noise of the crowd was so great. He must have

hoped desperately that I had fallen back. The worry of whether he had succeeded grew on him. His last chance to look around came at the end of the bend. He knew that to challenge now I must run extra distance and therefore did not expect it. The moment he looked round he was unprotected against me and lost a valuable fraction of a second in his response to my challenge. It was my tremendous luck

'JUDGING AN ATHLETE'

"It is still much more reliable to judge an athlete from seeing him run or jump than it is to test his potentialities in a laboratory. If a laboratory forecast were possible there would be hardly any point in an athlete's proving his ability, and he would never experience the satisfaction of struggle and achievement. I hope the frightening day will never come when the scientist can predict with accuracy the limits of an athlete's powers."

that these two happenings—his turning round and my final spurt—came absolutely simultaneously.

In two strides I was past him, with 50 yards to go, but I could not accelerate farther. Though I was slowing all the time I just managed to reach the tape, winning by five yards in 3 minutes 55.8 seconds. Once again the four-minute mile had been broken, this time by both of us in the same race.

This last lap was one of the most intense and exciting of my life. John Landy had shown me what a rare could really be at its greatest. He is the sort of runner I could never become, and

for this I admire him. Before Vancouver he achieved a record of solo mile races that I could never have equaled. At Vancouver he had the courage to lead at the same speed in a closely competitive race. His audacity freed me to abandon my time schedule and lose myself quite completely in the struggle itself. After this experience I felt that I could never be interested again in record breaking without the thrill of competitive struggle.

The last few years have covered a strange period in the history of athletics. They have seen the introduction of a new professionalism, not in the sense of unlimited financial reward, but in devoting unlimited time and energy to sport. Every country is seeking to enhance national prestige through physical achievements. Too few questions are asked about the means, provided the end of national glory is achieved.

I have tried to show that running refuses to fit into a pattern of this kind. If more and more work and time will bring about improvement in performance, then studies and vocations will not be allowed to stand in the way. Two years ago I felt depressed at this thought. If Zatsepek ran 60 quarter-miles in 60 seconds each in a single workout, it seemed that only a man who could run and train still harder could beat him. Where would it all end?

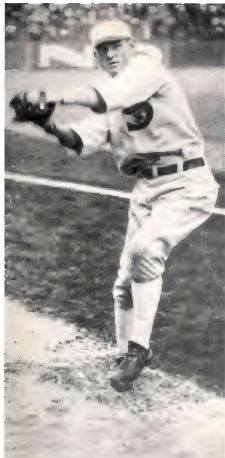
Running would have lost its purpose. But this has not happened. I believe, and I know there are other runners who agree, that running has proved to be a truly amateur activity after all, on which it is neither necessary nor desirable to spend unlimited time and energy. Fitting running into the rest of life until one's work becomes too demanding—this is the burden and joy of the true amateur.

I am sure that athletics will safeguard itself, and for this reason, that it has essentially an individual, not a national, basis. We run not because we think it is doing us good, but because we enjoy it and cannot help ourselves. It also does us good because it helps us to do other things better. It gives a man the chance to bring out power that might otherwise remain locked away inside himself. The urge to struggle lies latent in everyone. The more restricted our society and work become, the more necessary it will be to find some outlet for this craving for freedom. No one can say, "You must not run faster than this, or jump higher than that." The human spirit is indomitable.

(C.H.R.)



AN EXAMPLE OF SPORTSMANSHIP is given by runner Bannister and loser Landy after their epic duel at Vancouver as they exchange words, smiles and sincere handshakes.



A HERO FOR A DAY, Charley Robertson on April 30, 1922 pitched a perfect game, a start unsurpassed in the more than 41,000 major league games played since. The White Sox had paid only \$5,000 for the amazing 35-year-old rookie pitcher.

YESTERDAY

PITCH FOR GLORY

**A rookie 33 years ago pitched
the majors' last perfect game**

ROKIE CHARLEY ROBERTSON, pitching his second start of the season, tried not to think about the spot he was in. The last of the ninth, with two out and a count of two and two was no time to realize your next pitch for the White Sox might give you one of history's six perfect games. The 1922 Tigers, one of baseball's greatest hitting clubs, must have known because Ty Cobb had made the umpires scrutinize Charley's glove and uniform for suspected trickery. But in spite of this, none of the 26 previous Tigers—including Hellmann and Veech—had made first, so why should the 27th, a fat pink hitter?

Keeping 25,000 fans at Detroit's Navin Field breathless with suspense, Charley took his time serving up the last pitch. He performed the pitcher's time-honored delaying tactics, and when he couldn't think of another place to scratch, he delivered. Bessler, a Tiger catcher, hit a looping fly which Johnny Meentel caught easily to win for the White Sox 2-0. Robertson was carried off the field by the hysterical crowd. He had joined the inner sanctum of perfect-game pitchers.

Only five other major leaguers have ever, to this day, pulled the trick. John Richmond and John Ward did it in 1886, Cy Young in 1904, Addie Jon in 1908 and Ernie Shore in 1917. They went on to further fame, but Robertson had just one taste of glory. During his eight years in the majors, he never had a year in which he won more than he lost. Today he's an independent pecan breaker in Ft. Worth. (CNS)

professional athletes be permitted to run in A.A.U. meets? Only until the A.A.U. officials caught up to him. Then why not apply this to a bigger meet, the Olympics? Doesn't the game established for the amateur athletes of all nations? Why should professionals of any country be allowed to ruin the purpose of the Olympic Games?

DESMOND C. HOWLEY

Madison, N.J.

STANFORD ON THE HUDSON

Sir:

Re: Stanford University crew—June 13 issue. If you had checked, which you seem to seldom do—you would have found that Stanford rowed on the Hudson and for many years had fine and sometimes nearly great crews. Their 1915 race against Cornell, where they sailed by ladies, was one of the most exciting Poughkeepsie races.

STANFORD MAX

New York

● We did mention Stanford's earlier crews in the second paragraph of the piece, but in our enthusiasm for the present, we gave the past considerably less than its due. Stanford won the Pacific Coast Regatta six times from 1909 to 1916, and in 1915 finished second at Poughkeepsie, 61.3 seconds—or a good many YARDS—behind Cornell.—ED.

DEAFNESS FOR ALL

Sir:

I think SI is the best sports magazine on the market. Of all its virtues, I think perhaps the finest is the quality of its coverage of sporting events while they're still hot. It was therefore with keen anticipation that I received the May 30 issue after the memorable weekend in which not one, or two, but three world records were smashed in track and field at Modesto, California. What a weekend then to have to settle for a five-page spread about Arnie Sowell and the swag-glaring things he's going to accomplish. I think somebody has forgotten all perspective and sense of values when such accomplishments as Bud Held's astounding javelin toss, Texas U's woodchuck sprint relay record, and Wes Santee's remarkable half-mile victory (Sowell's specialty, incidentally) are lumped together in one small paragraph under the inadequate heading of "Record Breakers" while the entire track and field section, pictorial and editorial, was devoted to a runner who has yet to do anything to compare with any of the above performances.

Heaven help us if Sowell ever does set a world's record—the amplified chorus of inimitable voices will surely result in deafness for all, and already has me wincing.

E. M. STROSS

Tyler, Tex.

● Oh, come, come, now—if "Record Breakers" isn't an adequate heading for news of people who break records, what is? Santee's great Modesto race was also mentioned in the Sowell story, and the following week Herman Hickman devoted his entire column to Bud Held and the javelin.—ED.

NO DREAM AT SYRACUSE

Sir:

Let "Waterfront" Schallberg leave forthwith that DeMarco-Basilio was no dream. If the Norris touch continues to furnish that kind of TV entertainment, little Buddy will find himself draped across the lower steeple. For every Carbo and Palermo he uncovers, Norris will retell with a commanding baymaker in the form of 10 DeMarco, Basilio and Marlanos.

EDGAR MAGGI

Bristow, Okla.

● Let no one forget that Basilio was for two years "grounded" out of big-time boxing. The logical contender for Kid Gavilan's welterweight title, he was forced to fight in way stations while "Champion" Johnny Saxton enjoyed the benefits of sponsorship by the Palermo-Carbo-Norris axis. Saxton's incompetence was too transparent, however, and pressure of public opinion forced an end to the arrangement. Only then did first-rate fighters like Basilio and DeMarco have their chance.—ED.

FOUR GENERALS AT BRIDGE

Sir:

I am very happy to see that you have accepted bridge as a sport. Your recent article (SI, June 13) about President Eisenhower's favorite bridge hand is extremely interesting.

We bridge fans would greatly appreciate a regular column on bridge.

NATHANIEL H. ROBIN, M.D.

Manhasset, N.Y.

BREAD AND CIRCUSES

Sir:

Congratulations on the June 6th issue and the excellence of Alfred Wright's reporting of the "500" at Indianapolis.

Why has that track been continued? Surely the greatest nation of automobile users and builders as such can do better than that ramshackle collection of bricks. Was it really necessary for Bill Vukovich to die?

Billy Arnold won in 1960 at 164.44 mph. Bob Swirett won in 1965 at 229.229—in 25 years the apparent improvement is 28.7 mph—an annual growth in speed of 1.11 mph.

Any of the cars entered in 1985, if driven on a properly surfaced and banked track, would have topped at 150 mph or better.

Is the day of "bread and circuses" not over? Perhaps the rank wants to see good men die.

In any event: the crawling about that oval at speeds attainable by a reasonably good European family car is not only pitiful—it is also silly.

ALDO VITTORINI

Rome, Italy

OLD FAMILIAR GUY

Sir:

Every time there is a bad accident at the Indianapolis Speedway, the old familiar cry is heard, "It's the speed. They're going too fast." They said that back in 1903 (5 dead—speed 104 mph), in 1906 (7-car pileup—speed 130 mph), and they probably said it in 1919 (4 dead—speed 86 mph). Undoubtedly it will be heard again some-

time around 1985 when the average race speed will be about 229 mph and the first one-minute lap (150 mph) will probably be run.

It is interesting to note that no one said anything about excessive speed in 1904 when a well-balanced field qualifying speeds (137 to 141 mph) produced the fastest "500" in history. The reason—there were no serious injury accidents in practice, qualification trials or the race.

Please consider how absurd is Mr. Bentley's cry (SI, June 13) for "safer" cars. What is a "safer" car? Obviously, it is a car which can be driven at today's high speeds without approaching the point where traction on the curves is lost. Give each driver such a car, and you haven't gained a thing, since each one will, to obtain a competitive advantage, increase his speed until they are all once again driving on the ragged edge. In every speed event involving turns, the drivers of the old model stock cars as well as the drivers of the Indianapolis cars are driving "on ice." That is to say that each driver takes each turn as fast as traction will permit.

This is in direct contradiction to Mr. Bentley's quotation of Mr. Sparks to the effect that "speeds on the straight haven't increased much since 1900." Vukovich was killed, not because of excessive speed, but because three other spinning cars blocked his path. Ayala was killed, not because of excessive speed, but because of a steering failure that could just as easily have happened at 80 mph.

ROBERT H. HELLMANN

Millard, Mich.

P.S. He could still make his grand slam even if he did lead through one.

A CHANGE OF FORMULA

Sir:

John Bentley's article on Bill Vukovich's death (SI, June 13) is most thought-provoking in several respects.

Now that almost everyone except Meyer and Drake and the Indianapolis Speedway admit we're at the end of the line with the present race equipment, wouldn't it be sensible to change it?

All the cars are stamped practically from the same mold, so how about a switch of the formula: no engine of fewer than six cylinders and no engine larger than three liters unless on one-and-a-half-liter blown. That will not only give us some new domestic race engines, but will permit foreign engines to compete.

Furthermore, it will cut down speed on the turns (and this need be done before there is another multiple-car pile-up, with all drivers killed instead of one) because the three-liter six won't have the torque coming out of the turns that the four-and-a-half-liter four does.

ALBERT D. TRAGER

Atlanta

DEFECTIVE EQUIPMENT

Sir:

Congratulations on the excellent article by John Huston (SI, June 6). He certainly excels in writing as well as directing. But why did the harpoon fired by Senor Gouvea embed off the whale? A 40-mm. ram-ron certainly has more power than the right arm of a harpoon. The cannon, or the harpoon must have been defective. Up to this point SI has been very accurate as well as enjoyable.

Though the subscription was given to me, I still have to beat my brother in the mailroom.

DAVID M. HILGARD

Saratoga, N.J.

● To penetrate the whale's tough blubber, the harpoon must strike at just the right angle; a good shot is hard to achieve with a harpoon gun mounted in a small open boat. In such boats the hard harpoon works best, as the Portuguese whalersmen proved.—ED.

THE PROBLEM OF "TIPS"

Sirs:

As an amateur (above 100) golfer, I find the weekly *TIP* from THE *Tor* very helpful. It is, however, difficult to remember them all and it is equally difficult to keep all the copies of the magazine in file.

Do you plan to have these "tips" published in book form? I think such a book would prove very popular.

W. S. ALTMAN, M.D.

Quincy, Mass.

● If public demand is an indication, it will be popular. Prentice-Hall will publish a collection of *TIPS* from THE *Tor* in late October.—ED.

PLEASE CONTINUE . . .

Sirs:

I was disappointed not to find in the June 13 issue the page which you customarily have for golfers, *TIP* from THE *Tor*, with suggestions from outstanding pros. I found this to be a very interesting and always very helpful page. I think your coverage of golf generally has been tops, but we do hope you plan to continue this page as well.

L. J. FRANKS

Milwaukee, Wis.

● The "tip" was skipped that week to allow Herbert Warren Wind to give a full account of the British Amateur (see page 43, *SI*, June 13). But there are plenty more to come.—ED.

MIXED DOUBLET

Sirs:

Ochids to the photographer for snapping and the editor for printing the outstanding picture of Mr. Seabrook's vicious four-horse hitch (*SI*, June 13).

Ochids to the guy who neglected to identify the heroes as registered Morgans.

DARK SHADOW 112396

TOWNSHEND VIGANITA 84431

Bloomfield, Conn.

● Ochids to Dark Shadow and Townshend Viganita, the first horses ever to send us a letter. They are owned by Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth A. Wolcott Jr. of Bloomfield.

Seabrook's four perfectly matched boys are indeed registered Morgans. They are Captain Ken (near leader), Flying Indian (off leader), Fort Knox (near wheeler) and Blawana Delia (off wheeler).—ED.

LARGE ECONOMY SIZE

Sirs:

Since you always include the Ed River in your coverage of Western fishing streams

I thought you would be interested in the enclosed photo (see cat).

Prepared is my brother, Don Dunn, and his steelhead—a 26-pound 11-ounce beauty that captured first prize in the Garberville Steelhead Derby this year.

Don is 21 years old and has fished the Ed since 1946 when he moved to Humboldt County. Needless to say we are proud and happy that he won.

Mrs. FRANK LEYERMEIER JR.

Windsor, Calif.



DON DUNN AND STEELHEAD

UNDERWATER GYMNASTICS

Sirs:

I was quite pleased to see your article on synchro-swimming (*SI*, June 6). As coach of the Athens Club group you pictured, I have found the sport to be of great interest to both the participant and the spectator.

I would like to indicate, if I may, some areas in which I felt the article went astray. The statement that synchro-swimming is like "dancing in water" is one that serious advocates have been trying desperately to kill. Many efforts are now being made to

lead away from the klunk to dance and make it more nearly like gymnastics in water.

Another point that should be emphasized is that although the rudiments of synchro-swimming are simple, as stated, the mastering of even the simple stunts to perfection takes a great deal of work. The competitors at the top must put in long and arduous sessions in order to maintain condition for performing the difficult routines. I know that as a middle-distance swimmer, I never worked as hard as the girls I now coach.

Finally, and most important, I wish that more credit could have been given to some of the pioneers in the sport, rather than making it sound as if California had conceived, nurtured and raised it from the beginning. Actually, the Californians may have dominated it in the last couple of years but we are comparative newcomers to synchro-swimming. Swimmers and officials in the Chicago, Detroit and Des Moines areas contributed their all to the development of synchro-swimming from its first crude forms to its present style. The young sport of synchro-swimming is still in its developmental stage. We have every confidence that it will grow.

ROSS C. BEAN

Berkeley, Calif.

MANUAL TRAINING

Sirs:

Would you be so kind as to advise me the best book or manual to buy, so as to enable me to learn and understand this wonderful game of baseball?

MARY C. SMITH

Wastagh, N.Y.

● You can't go wrong with Paul Richards' *Modern Baseball Strategy* (Prentice-Hall), from which *SI* published a series of articles that began May 16. Doubleday and A. S. Barnes and Co. both publish annual baseball almanacs which have similar titles but quite different contents, and both are good. And welcome to the wonderful world of baseball!—ED.





SEXTET OF SWIMMING SHEAS

The six beaming youngsters lined up on a Florida springboard are known across their home state as the "Six Swimming Sheas." Children of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Shea of St. Petersburg, they normally gobble up 13 to 15 first places in a meet and have won a wallful of trophies and medals and enough ribbons to make a good-sized quilt. Nita, now 15, began racing at the age of 6 and two years ago won three events in the St. Petersburg women's championships. Last

year she set a new U.S. junior record in the 200-meter freestyle and Diane, 13, holds Junior Olympic marks for her age group in the 50-yard backstroke and 50-yard freestyle. Eleven-year-old Dennis posted the second best time in the country in two events in 1984 while Danny, 9, shows promise of soon catching up to his older brother and sisters. Dawn, 5, and Darn, 3, are the latest Sheas to be trained by their mother, a former ocean swimmer and lifeguard.

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